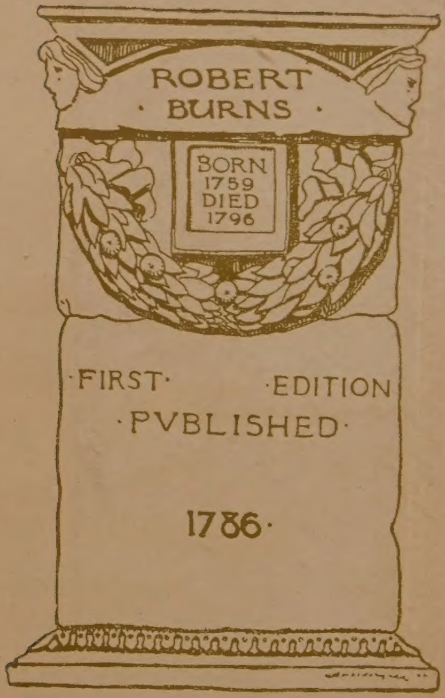
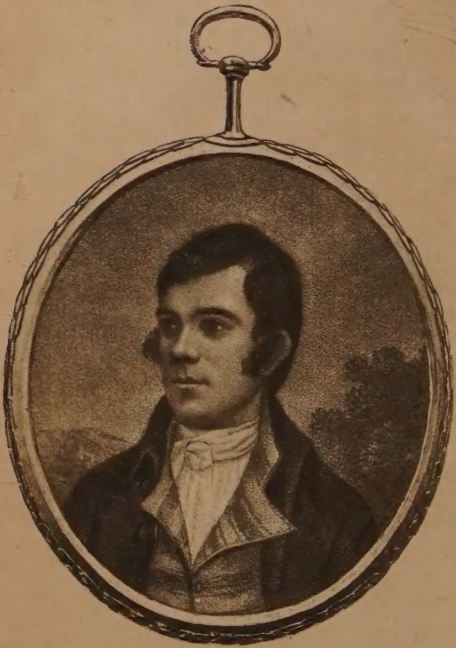

ROBERT
· BURNS ·
BORN
1759
DIED
1796
·FIRST· ·EDITION
·PVBLISHED·
1786·

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS

Edited by

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ M.A.



Robert Burns.
Engraved by Buego from Nasmyth's portrait.
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THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS

·MDCCCXCVIII· PUBLISHED · BY · J·M·DENT · ·AND · CO: ALDINE · HOUSE · LONDON · E·C·

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THE AUTHOR'S
Preface
TO THE
FIRST EDITION OF THE POEMS
(*Kilmarnock*, 1786)

THE following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocrites or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, 'a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately, that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his was worth showing; and none of the following works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear

is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast, at the thought of being branded as 'An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel, Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth!'

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet,* whose divine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that 'Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!' If any Critic catches at the word *genius*, the Author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possest of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life; but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

* Shenstone.

THE AUTHOR'S

Dedication

OF THE

SECOND EDITION OF THE POEMS

(*Edinburgh*, 1787)

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha —at the *plough*; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours:

I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler and licentiousness in the People equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,
With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble servant,
ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, *April* 4, 1787.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

Mailie's mis-hap

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak,
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep—

Mailie's dying charge

O, bid him never tie them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gates,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets—
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail!
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him—what I winna name—
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;

An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, and sad
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. decease

"An' neist, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' closed her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead!
The last, sad cape-stane o' his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,

The pet ewe's merits

Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her livin image in her yowe
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed.
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raip!

Rankine the witty and wicked

It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon—
His Mailie's dead!

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE.

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
Your dreams and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes, wha aften wear it—
The lads in black;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

The poet goes out poaching

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing :
It's just the Blue-gown badge and claithing
O' saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by
Frae ony unregenerate heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
Sae, when you hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing ;
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun'—
A bonie hen ;
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
But, Deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, and,
That sic a hen had got a shot; being
I was suspected for the plot; caught,
I scorn'd to lie; vows ven-
So gat the whissle o' my groat, geance
An' pay't the fee.

But by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay, o'er muir an' dale,
For this, neist year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
Lord, I'se hae sporting by an' by
For my gowd guinea,
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

The poet defies public opinion

A POET'S WELCOME TO HIS LOVE-BEGOTTEN DAUGHTER.

THE FIRST INSTANCE THAT ENTITLED HIM TO THE VENERABLE APPELLATION OF FATHER.

THOU'S welcome, wean; mishanter fa' me,
If thoughts o' thee, or yet thy mammie,
Shall ever daunton me or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tyta or daddie.

Tho' now they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in countra clatter,
The mair they talk, I'm kend the better,
E'en let them clash;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

Welcome! my bonie, sweet, wee dochter,
Tho' ye come here a wee unsought for,
And tho' your comin' I hae fought for,
Baith kirk and queir;
Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought for,
That I shall swear!

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
My funny toil is no a' tint,
Tho' thou cam to the warl' asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part's be in't
The better ha'f o't.

through affection for his child

Tho' I should be the waur bestead,
Thou's be as braw and bienly clad,
And thy young years as nicely bred
Wi' education,
As onie brat o' wedlock's bed,
In a' thy station.

Wee image o' my bonie Betty,
As fatherly I kiss and daut thee,
As dear and near my heart I set thee
Wi' as gude will
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

Lord grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
'Twill please me mair to see thee heir it,
Than stockit mailens.

For if thou be what I wad hae thee,
And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
I'll never rue my trouble wi' thee—
The cost nor shame o't,
But be a loving father to thee,
And brag the name o't.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN—A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,

The miseries of man

I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the rev'rend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;—
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours—
Thy glorious, youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:

But see him on the edge of life, from toil, want, and age
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then Age and Want—oh! ill-match'd pair—
Shew man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest:
But oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

The poor man's final refuge

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn!"

THE TWA HERDS; OR, THE HOLY TULYIE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war."—POPE.

O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes?
O, wha will tent the waifs an' crocks,
About the dykes?

The orthodox at variance

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast
These five an' twenty simmers past—
Oh, dool to tell!
Hae had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O, Moodie, man, an' wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle;
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,
An' think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit
To wear the plaid;
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank?—
Sae hale and hearty every shank!
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank
He let them taste;
Frae Calvin's well aye clear they drank,—
O, sic a feast!

The thummart, willcat, brock, an' tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole an' road,
Baith out an' in;
An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
An' sell their skin.

The New Lights scoff and wax strong

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale;
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
Owre a' the height;
An' saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O! do I live to see't?—
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
And names, like "villain," "hypocrite,"
Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin spite,
Say neither's liein!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan deep, an' Peebles shauld,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het an' cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset;
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name;
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Popular election is the remedy

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black an' blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief;
We thought aye death wad bring relief;
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain wad openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang oursel',
There's Smith for ane;
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come, join your counsel and your skills
To cowe the lairds,
An' get the brutes the power themsel's
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
An' Learning in a woody dance,
An' that fell cur ca'd Common-Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banished o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Poverty glooms at Plenty

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
An' guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET

January

While winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
An' bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
An' hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
An' spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle:
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great-folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd:
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;

The beggar shares in Nature's wealth

But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear;
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier;
"Mair speir na nor fear na,"
Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile;
An' mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then we'll care then,
Nae farther we can fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal',
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:

Happiness is of the heart alone

On braes when we please then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't we'll time till't,
An' sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin' muckle, mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us trûly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
An' centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye 's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge an' drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heaven or hell;
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

The joys of friendship and love

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state:
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some—
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill:
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
An' joys that riches ne'er could buy,
An' joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
An' sets me a' on flame!

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!

Love inspires the poet's pen

The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band—
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie, or my Jean!

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin, rank an' file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus an' the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;

And then he'll hilch, and stilt, an' jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But least then the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

The pious elder praises God and self

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

"And send the godly in a pet to pray."—Pope.

O Thou, that in the heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel',
Sends ane to heaven an' ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation,
I wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws,
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When from my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me deep in hell,

The Pharisee is sometimes as other men

To gnash my gooms, and weep and wail,
In burnin lakes,
Where damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example,
To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, an' swearers swear,
An' singing here, an' dancin there,
Wi' great and sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust:
An' sometimes, too, in warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd wi' sin.

O Lord! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg;
O! may't ne'er be a livin plague
To my dishonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times I trow—

The enemies of the righteous

But Lord, that Friday I was fou,
When I cam near her;
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad never steer her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre proud and high shou'd turn,
That he's sae gifted:
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou has a chosen race:
But God confound their stubborn face,
An' blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts;
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin arts,
Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa.

An' when we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
An' set the warld in a roar
O' laughing at us;—
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against that Presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord make it bare
Upo' their heads;

The elder calls for vengeance

Lord visit them, an' dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My vera heart and flesh are quakin,
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' p—'d wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
Held up his head.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him,
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me an' mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace an' gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor, silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

The poet intercedes for him

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK

A TRUE STORY

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;

A strange meeting

I stacher'd whiles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glowre
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
An' todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whiles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava';
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
'When ither folk are busy sawin!'

A talk with Death

It seem'd to make a kind o' stan'
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend! whare ye gaun?
'Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe,—'My name is *Death*,
'But be na fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
'But tent me, billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
'See, there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no designed to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'To be mislear'd;
'I wad na mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
'Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat—
'Come, gie's your news;
'This while ye hae been mony a gate,
'At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, and shook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
'An' choke the breath:
'Folk maun dae something for their bread,
'An' sae maun *Death*.

'Sax thousand years are near-hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,

Death meets his master

'An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
'To stap or scar me;
'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
'And faith! he'll waur me.

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan;
'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
'And ither chaps,
'The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
'An' pouk my hips.

'See, here's a scythe, an' there's a dart,
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
'But Doctor Hornbook wi' his art
'An' cursed skill,
'Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
'D—n'd haet they'll kill!

''T'was but yestreen, nae farther gane,
'I threw a noble throw at ane;
'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
'But deil-ma-care,
'It just play'd dirl on the bane,
'But did nae mair.

'Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
'An' had sae fortified the part,
'That when I lookèd to my dart,
'It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
'Of a kail-runt.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
'I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,

Horn-book's accomplishments

'But yet the bauld Apothecary
'Withstood the shock;
'I might as weel hae tried a quarry
'O' hard whin rock.

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,
'Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
'Just —— in a kail-blade, an' send it,
'As soon's he smells 't,
'Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
'At once he tells 't.

'And then a' doctor's saws an' whittles,
'Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
'He's sure to hae;
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
'As A B C.

'Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
'True *sal-marinum* o' the seas;
'The *farina* of beans and pease,
'He has't in plenty;
'*Aqua-fontis*, what you please,
'He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
'*Urinus spiritus* of capons;
'Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
'Distill'd *per se*;
'*Sal-alkali* o' midge-tail clippings,
'And mony mae.'

'Waes me for Johnie Ged's-Hole now,'
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!

The quack's achievements

'His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
'Sae white and bonie,
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
'They'll ruin Johnie!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh;
'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
'Tak ye nae fear:
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
'In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
'By loss o' blood or want of breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
'That Hornbook's skill
'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
'By drap an' pill.

'An honest wabster to his trade,
'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
'When it was sair;
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair.

'A country laird had ta'en the batts,
'Or some curmurring in his guts,
'His only son for Hornbook sets,
'An' pays him well:
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was laird himsel'.

'A bonie lass—ye kend her name—
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;

'She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
'To hide it there.

Death's confidences end abruptly

'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
'Thus goes he on from day to day,
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
'An's weel paid for't;
'Yet stops me o' my lawful prey,
'Wi' his d—n'd dirt:

'But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
'Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
'I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
'As dead's a herrin;
'Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He get's his fairin!'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal',
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
And sae did *Death*.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.—APRIL 1, 1785.

While briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse.

Lapraik's love-song

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I "can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?"
They tauld me 'twas an odd-kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
An' sae about him there I speir't;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
He had ingine;
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine:

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches—
'Tween Inverness an' Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

Nature and Education

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell;
Tho' rude an' rough—
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense;
But just a rhymer like by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence;
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?"
But, by your leaves, my learnèd foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools—
Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

The genesis of critics

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college-classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few;
Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist:
But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel,
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
They sometime roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as mony still
As far abuse me.

The brotherhood of man

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me
At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there:
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather;
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, war'ly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

An unwilling Muse

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

SECOND EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK

APRIL 21, 1785

While new-ca'd kye rowt at the stake
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best an' something lazy:
Quo' she, "ye ken we've been sae busy
This month an' mair,
That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
"Conscience!" says I, "ye thowless jade!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

Defy Fortune and be merry

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly;
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Quoth I, "before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove, I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither;
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune waft and warp;
She's but a bitch.

She's gien me mony a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the Lord, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow.

Wit before Wealth

Now comes the sax-an-twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upon the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent;
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
An' muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty feudal thane,
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks;
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!"

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to heaven, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

The poets' future triumph

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began;
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be—
'Tis *he* fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he."

O mandate glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night!

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere;
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year!

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMSON

SCHOOLMASTER, OCHILTREE.—MAY 1785

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie
Your flatterin strain.

The great masters

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it:
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lassies gie my heart a screed—
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain;
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Ayr and Wallace

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of-isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line:
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest;
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best!

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Whare glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious died!

Solitude breeds the Poet

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy;
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light;
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang:
O sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive;
Let me fair Nature's face descrive;
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing" brither! The 'New-Light' troubles
We've been ower lang unkenn'd to ither!
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In things fraternal:
May envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid, fat braxies;
While terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns;
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
You bade me write you what they mean
By this 'new-light,'
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie;
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin;
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane.

The beginnings of strife

This passed for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk;
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was denied, it was affirm'd;
The herds and hissels were alarm'd,
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd and storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair, it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang't an' brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks;
Till lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

The 'Auld-Lights' have a plot

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe;
Till now, amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some their new-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin;
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor touns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight;
An' stay ae month amang the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmaist shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch;
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulyie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulyie.

Encouragement to Goldie

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOLDIE, IN KILMARNOCK.

AUTHOR OF THE GOSPEL RECOVERED.

AUGUST 1785.

O Gowdie, terror o' the whigs,
Dread o' blackcoats and reverend wigs!
Sour Bigotry on his last legs
Girns an' looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
May seize you quick.

Poor gapin, glowrin Superstition!
Wae's me, she's in a sad condition:
Fye: bring *Black Jock*, her state physician,
To see her water:
Alas, there's ground for great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gane in a gallopin consumption:
Not a' her quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Can ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
She'll soon surrender.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
For every hole to get a stapple;
But now she fetches at the thrapple,
An' fights for breath;
Haste, gie her name up in the chapel,
Near unto death.

It's you an' *Taylor* are the chief — in his religious crusade
To blame for a' this black mischief;
But, could the Lord's ain folk get leave,
A toom tar barrel
An' twa red peats wad bring relief,
And end the quarrel.

For me, my skill's but very sma',
An' skill in prose I've nane ava';
But quietlenwise, between us twa,
Weel may you speed!
And tho' they sud you sair misca',
Ne'er fash your head.

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker!
The mair they squeel aye chap the thicker;
And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
O' something stout;
It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker,
And helps his wit.

There's naething like the honest nappy;
Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie,
In glass or horn?

I've seen me dazed upon a time,
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,—
Ought less is little—
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg's a whittle.

The poet, invited by Fun,

THE HOLY FAIR.

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in *Religion*.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The rising sun owre Galston muirs
Wi' glorious light was glinting;
The hares were hirplin down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:

goes to the Mauchlinesacrament

The third cam up, hap-stap-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the han's,
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the ten comman's
A screed some day."

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline 'holy fair,'
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day."

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't;
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body
In droves that day.

A motley congregation

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springing owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heapèd up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glow'r black-bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show:
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin;
Some carrying dails, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry;
There 'Racer Jess,' an' twa-three whores,
Are blinking at the entry.
Here sits a raw o' tittlin jads,
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck;
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day.

An orthodox preacher

O happy is that man, an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him?
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkend that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation:
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
To 's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turned-up snout,
His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaisters
On sic a day!

'Cauld Morality'

But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice
There's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger;
Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral powers an' reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The *moral man* he does define,
But ne'er a word o' *faith* in
That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While Common-sense has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate
Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller neist the guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:

Bodily comforts

But faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannilie he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now butt an' ben the change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup commentators;
Here 's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college;
It kindles wit, it waukens lear,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge:
Be't whisky-gill or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.

The lads and lassies, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy:
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations;
While some are cozy i' the neuk,
An' forming assignations
To meet some day.

A vision of judgement

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
And echoes back return the shouts;
Black Russell is na sparin:
His piercin words, like Highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow:
His talk o' Hell, where devils dwell,
Our vera "sauls does harrow"
Wi' fright that day!

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin;
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neibor snorin
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past;
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
Amang the furms and benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gawsie, gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer:

The auld guidmen, about the grace, **The day's results**
Frae side to side they bother;
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them't, like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
How bonie lads ye wanted;
An' dinna for a kebbuck-heel
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How mony hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
As saft as ony flesh is:
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' mony jobs that day begin,
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

THIRD EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.

The real Muses

Guid speed and furder to you, Johnie,
Guid health, hale han's an' weather bonie;
Now, when ye're nickin down fu' cannie
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin the stuff o'er muirs and haggs
Like drivin wrack;
But may the tapmost grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin at it,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it;
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin me for harsh ill-nature
On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sel's:
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us;
But browster wives an' whisky stills,
They are the muses.

A night with Lapraik

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak' objections at it,
Then hand in neive some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it,
It winna break.

But if the beast an' branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
And a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin aquavitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe and witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty—
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast,
And now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest,
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter.

Sept. 13, 1785.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

INCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER," WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED. SEPT. 17, 1785.

While at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin show'r,

The poet defends his attacks

Or in gulravage rinnin scowr
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douce black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I a simple, country bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin, cantin, grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Their raxin conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaw'n, misca'd waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus'd him:
And may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've us'd him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed—

on the clerical party

An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, and malice fause
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth,
For what?—to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, owre right and ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,

in the cause of True Religion

Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain,
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid liberal band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gies you honour)
Even, sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,

Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

To David Sillar

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET

Auld Neibour,
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle,
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares;
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit
Until ye fyke;
Sic haun's as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whiles dazed wi' love, whiles dazed wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whiles, but aye owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

The careless race of poets

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' to me the bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin clink,
The devil-haet,—that I sud ban—
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin,
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin,
But just the pouchie put the neive in,
An' while ought's there,
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin,
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure;
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
The muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the muse, my daintie Davie:
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

HALLOWEEN

"Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."—GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,

Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, On All-Hallow Eve
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove, to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night;

Amang the bonie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear;
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear;
Some merry, friendly, countra-folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs
Weel-knotted on their garten;
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whiles fast at night.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, and grape an' wale
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.

Divination by kail, corn,

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wandered thro' the 'bow-kail,'
An' pou't for want o' better shift
A runt, was like a sow-tail
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

The lassies staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn;
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippit Nelly hard and fast:
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
Whan kiutlin in the fause-house
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits
Are round an' round divided,
An' mony lads an' lassies' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle couthie side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

and the burning of nuts

Jean slips in twa' wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
She says in to hersel':
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part:
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel';

The yarn-clue and the apple

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' for the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the blue clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat—
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Good Lord! but she was quaukin!
But whether 'twas the deil himsel',
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her graunie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's-face!
I daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the foul thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' died deleerit,
On sic a night,

Sowing hemp-seed

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind't as weel's yestreen—
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' aye a rantin kirn we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That lived in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But mony a day was by himsel',
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:

Winnowing nothing

And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
"Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass
Come after me, an' draw thee
As fast this night."

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' March,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie—
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night?

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething;
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

Dipping the shirt-sleeve

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cried Lord preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole an a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice
Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As cantie as a kittlen;
But och! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin;
Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in
Was bent that night.

Whiles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whiles round a rocky scaur it strays,
Whiles in a wiel it dimpl't;

The end of the party

Whiles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;
Whiles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel
Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up, an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged;
An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes—
Their sports were cheap an' cheery:
Till butter'd sowens, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785

The mouse made homeless

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,

Dis-appointed hopes

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell—
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me;
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER

Gude pity me, because I'm little!
For though I am an elf o' mettle,
An' can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
Jink there or here,
Yet, scarce as lang's a gude kail-whittle,
I'm unco queer.

Adam Armour's Prayer

An' now Thou kens our waefu' case;
For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace,
Because we stang'd her through the place,
An' hurt her spleuchan;
For whilk we daurna show our face
Within the clachan.

An' now we're dern'd in dens and hollows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
Wi' constables—thae blackguard fallows,
An' sodgers baith;
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death!

Auld grim black-bearded Geordie's sel'—
O shake him owre the mouth o' hell!
There let him hing, an' roar, an' yell
Wi' hideous din,
And if he offers to rebel,
Then heave him in.

When Death comes in wi' glimmerin blink,
An' tips auld drucken Nanse the wink,
May Sautan gie her doup a clink
Within his yett,
An' fill her up wi' brimstone drink,
Red-reekin het.

Though Jock an' hav'rel Jean are merry—
Some devil seize them in a hurry,
An' waft them in th' infernal wherry
Straught through the lake,
An' gie their hides a noble curry
Wi' oil of aik!

The Beggars' Festival

As for the jurr—puir worthless body!
She's got mischief enough already;
Wi' stangèd hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair;
But may she wintle in a woody,
If she whore mair!

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.—A CANTATA.

Recitativo.

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies;
Wi' quaffing an' laughing,
They ranted an' they sang,
Wi' jumping an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang,

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm;
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm
She blinkit on her sodger;

An' aye he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpin kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish;
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip;
Then staggering an' swaggering
He roar'd this ditty up—

Air.

Tune—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram:
And I servèd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

The 'Martial Chuck' sings

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho', with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of a drum.

Recitativo.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
An' seek the benmost bore:
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out, encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar.

Air.

Tune—"Sodger Laddie."

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men:
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

of her 'Soldier Laddie'

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch;
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:
He ventur'd the soul, and I riskèd the body,
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I askèd no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental, they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Recitativo.

Poor Merry-Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy:
At length, wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face;
Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

Merry Andrew and his rivals

Air.

Tune—"Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
An' I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck;
A hizzie's the half of my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffin;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad,—
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Guid Lord! he's far dafter than I.

'John Highlandman'

Recitativo.

Then niest out spak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;
For monie a pursie she had hooked,
An' had in mony a well been douked:
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waeful woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

Air.

Tune—"O an ye were dead, Guidman."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Chorus.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he fearèd none,—
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

The little Fiddler's Song

They banish'd him beyond the sea.
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast:
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return:
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

Recitativo.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trystes an' fairs to driddle,
Her strappin limb and gausy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo.

Air.

Tune—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me an' be my dear;

'Whistle owre the Lave o't'

An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
An' O sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursel's about the dyke;
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Recitativo.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
An' draws a roosty rapier—

He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

The Tinker's Song

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' so the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her:

Air.

Tune—"Clout the Cauldron."

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station:
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the cauldron.
I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
With a' his noise an' cap'rin;
An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron!
And by that stowp! my faith an' houp,
And by that dear Kilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
And by that stowp, &c.

Recitativo.

The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk;
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk:

Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie—
The fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,
An' shor'd them *Dainty Davie*
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed!
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart, she ever miss'd it.
He had no wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
An' thus the muse suggested
His sang that night.

Air.

Tune—"For a' that, an' a' that."

I am a Bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowrin byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

Chorus.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;

A vassal of the Fair Sex

I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's—'The Sex!'
I like the jads for a' that.

Chorus.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a that.

Recitativo.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth!

They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds, High mirth and revelry
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowin drouth:
Then owre again, the jovial thrang
The poet did request
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus.

Air.

Tune—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses."

See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing—

Chorus.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig for, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig for, &c.

Triumphant Beggarhood

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig for, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose.
A fig for, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train.
Here's our ragged brats and callets,
One and all cry out, Amen!

Chorus.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween !

The Cotter's weekly rest

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town ;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,

A family union

In youthfu' bloom—love sparkling in her e'e—
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly speirs:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; The youthful lovers
Well-pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin youth, he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave,
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found:
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare—
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Homely fare

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowp their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
Or noble 'Elgin' beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame:
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

Family worship

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

True piety

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

A prayer for Scotland

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great unhappy Wallace' heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

"O Prince! O chief of many thronéd pow'rs
That led th' embattl'd seraphim to war—"
MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee—
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Satan's various forms

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin' heuch's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate, nor scaur.

Whiles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin;
Whiles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin the kirks;
Whiles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin'd castles grey
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman!
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you mysel' I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' wavin sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,

When wi' an eldritch, stoor "quaick, quaick," and manifold misdeeds
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gane
As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen an' crouse
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
And 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversin Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,

The worst trick of all

Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.
When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempest raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brither ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
In shady bower;

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursèd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk
An' sklented on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an hal',
While scabs and botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw;
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul',
Was warst ava?

A disappointment in store

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit;
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

SCOTCH DRINK

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief and care:
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.
SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, XXXI. 6, 7.

Let other poets raise a frácas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug:
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

The virtues of Scotch drink

O thou, my muse! guid auld Scotch drink!
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease and beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain:
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us leevin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

on all possible occasions

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet, humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an freath
I' th' luggit caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At every chap.

Nae mercy then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

Foreign rivals

When skirling weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neibors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley brie
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But mony daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burnin trash!
Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash!
Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like mysel'!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

The bard's inspiration

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whisky-punch
Wi' honest men!

O whisky! soul o' plays and pranks!
Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle in their ranks,
At ither's arses!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa?

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

The old mare's powers

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR-MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed ripp of corn to hansel in the New-Year.

A Guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie,
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
I've seen the dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank;
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's mear;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, **in early days**
Ye then was trotting wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie bride:
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snore, an' skreigh
An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

Her speed and strength

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle
Might aiblins waurt thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours' gaun,
In guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit;
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power;
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' riskit
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer:
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep,
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

Old comrades in toil

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a',
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin;
For my last fow,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE TWA DOGS:

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearin thro' the afternoon,

The two dogs

Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.
The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for His Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.
His lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messan:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.
The tither was a ploughman's collie—
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
And unco pack an' thick thegither;

Wi' social nose whiles snuff'd an' snowkit; Ease and luxury
Whiles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whiles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse,
An' there began a lang digression
About the "lords o' the creation."

CÆSAR.

I've often wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.
Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.
Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee, blasted wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant-man
His Honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

Labour and poverty

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't eneugh ;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like ;
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger :
But how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit !
Lord man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkin brock.
I've notic'd, on our laird's court-day,—
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,—
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !
I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

The pleasures of the poor

They're no sae wretched 's ane wad think.
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided:
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.
An' whiles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy:
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.
As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.
That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,

Patrician amusements

The young anes rantin thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.
Still it's ower true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now ower aften play'd ;
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it :
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him :
An' saying ay or no 's they bid him :
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading :
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.
There, at Vienna, or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails ;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt ;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles :
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,

Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction.

The spoiling of good men

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?
O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' country sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Feint haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin of a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whiles whare I am,
The gentles, ye wad ne'er envy them!
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat:
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsel's to vex them;

High life

An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's dune, she's unco weel;
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n-down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless.
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run-deils an' jads thegither.
Whiles, ower the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore ower the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhanged blackguard.
There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.
By this, the sun was out of sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night;

The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ; **A cry for whisky**
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they werena *men* but *dogs* ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HONOURABLE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Dearest of distillation ! last and best——
——How art thou lost !——

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple poet's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupit muse is hearse !
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her arse
Low i' the dust,
And scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua-vitæ ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Scotland's sad plight

Stand forth an' tell yon Premier youth
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle deevil blaw you south
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant them;
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack:
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle;
An' damn'd excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin a stell,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel,
Or limpet shell!

Then, on the tither hand present her—
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

The poet's appeal for aid

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trod i' the mire out o' sight?
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours! can ye see't—
The kind, auld, cantie carlin, greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat
Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetóric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran';
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
An' that glib-gabbit Highland baron,
The Laird o' Graham;
An' ane, a chap that's damn'd auldfarran',
Dundas his name:

Coming revolt

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick and Ilay;
An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' mony ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

See, sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If poets e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend a hand;
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her whisky.

An' Lord! if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets!

Fox and Pitt

For God-sake, sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the cadie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nance Tinnock's
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He needna fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

The real source

And now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your mither's heart support ye;
Then, tho' a minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours, a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunt St Jamie's!
Your humble poet sings an' prays,
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But, blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves;
Or, hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves!

Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotchman frae his hill, of martial courage
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe!
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek
In clime an' season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till, whare ye sit on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom an' whisky gang thegither!
Tak aff your dram.

THE ORDINATION

"For sense, they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n."

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;

Mackinlay's ordination

Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a'
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst "Common-sense," that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her:
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
And lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the kirk kicks up a stour,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

Joy of the orthodox

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion;
And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin;
Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
An' toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin!
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare to see our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' fast this day.

Lang, Patronage, with rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin;
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:

Rout of the Moderates

Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin;
An' like a godly, elect bairn,
He's waled us out a true ane,
And sound, this day.

Now Robertson harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever:
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
An' turn a carpet weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mu'trie and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons,
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his Honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city!
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common-sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

The 'Auld-Light' champions

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions!
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packèd aff to hell,
An' banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys
That heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's—for a conclusion—
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
From this time forth, confusion!
If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

"Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much——" BLAIR.

DEAR SMITH, the slee'st, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief!

Praise of Smith

Ye surely hae some warlock-brief
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
An' ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you;
An' ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature
She's wrote the Man.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime,
Wi' hasty summon;
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,

An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a random-shot
O' countra wit.

Fame despaired of

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries "Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent?
Ye'll shaw your folly;

There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes of laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistlin thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale;

The morning of Life

Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the magic-wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise:
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant, in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy an' play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,

The varied lot of man

Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And haply eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
An' seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin,
To right or left eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till, curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,

The poet's prayer

"Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreepin roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour;
An' yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Until they sconner.

"A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But give me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm an' cool,

Prudence and passion

Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray;
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road!

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there,
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair.
Whare'er I gang.

THE VISION

DUAN FIRST

The sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roarin play,
And hunger'd maukin taen her way,
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

A resolve to rhyme no more

The thresher's weary flinging-tree,
The lee-lang day had tirèd me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing,
But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring "blockhead! coof!"
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth wad be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;
An' jee! the door gaed to the wa';

is stopped by a Vision

An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like honest Worth, she blusht,
An' steppèd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
An' such a leg! my bonie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight an' clean—
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew:
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;

The Muse's robe

And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were toss't:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel,
In sturdy blows;

Ayrshire worthies

While, back-recoiling, seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour, mark him well!
Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
The chief, on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours strong:
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
In musing mood),
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned Sire and Son I saw:
To Nature's God, and Nature's law,
They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye:
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,

The various tasks

Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspirèd bard!
In me thy native Muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low;
I come to give thee such reward,
As we bestow!

"Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,

To mend the honest patriot-lore, of the guardian spirits
And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspirèd tongue;
Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel' lays;
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains,

Beginnings and growth

And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name:
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes;
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove;

I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love. **of the poet's genius**

"When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd *Name*,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;

The poet crowned by the Muse

Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan:
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou *this*"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

THE INVENTORY

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,

O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Horses and carts

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle.
My *hand-afore* 's a guid auld 'has been,'
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been:
My *hand-ahin* 's a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,
An' your auld borough mony a time
In days when riding was nae crime.
But ance, when in my wooing pride
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(Lord pardon a' my sins, an' that too!)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My *furr-ahin* 's a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
Forby a cowt, o' cowts the wale,
As ever ran before a tail:
Gin he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.
Wheel-carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin an' for noise;

The poet's household

A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other:
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely;
An' aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the "Questions" targe them tightly;
Till, faith! wee Davock's grown sae gleg,
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
He'll screed you aff 'Effectual calling,'
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servant station,
(Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
I hae nae wife—and that my bliss is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the deevils darena touch me.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted!
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace;
But her, my bonie, sweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already;
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
By the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin:
Frae this time forth, I do declare
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;

My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit!
The kirk and you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your beuk,
Nor for my ten white shillings leuk.

A case of impudence

This list, wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, *February* 22, 1786.

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

HA! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her—
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;

Knowledge of self

Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it—
The verra tapmost, tow'rin height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' grey as ony groset:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum.

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fye!
How daur ye do't?

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin:
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786

The Daisy's fate

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

An emblem of ruin

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN

All hail, inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!

A welcome to Death

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimèd dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim Pow'r by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day—
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclaspèd, and graspèd,
Within thy cold embrace!

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

"Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"
HOME.

O THOU pale orb that silent shines
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!

Loved and lost

With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream!

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-markèd, distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested pow'rs above,
The promis'd father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And, must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?

The pains of memory

Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd:
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn, that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe;
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering slow:
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!

The burden of life

The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow!

DESPONDENCY—AN ODE

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh;
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb!

Happy! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wishèd end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,

They bring their own reward: The hermit's happiness
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same!
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern, wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!

Advice to youth

He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilst I here must cry here
At perfidy ingrate!

O enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

May——, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento:
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang:
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon my lad;
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:

Human weakness

For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked;
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we shouldna censure;
For still, th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel',
Ye scarcely tell to ony:
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:

Honour's laws

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;

But when on life we're tempest-driv'n—
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor!

Highland emigration

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE EARL OF BREADALBANE, PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY

Long life, my lord, an' health be yours,
Unskaithed by hunger'd Highland boors;
Lord grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, and rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.

Faith you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight:
I doubt na! they wad bid nae better,
Than let them ance out owre the water,
Then up among thae lakes and seas,
They'll mak what rules and laws they please:
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin;
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them;

How to manage Highlanders

Till (God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed)
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,—
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance—
To cowe the rebel generation,
An' save the honour o' the nation?
They, an' be damn'd! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my lord! Glengary hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hullions to the birses;
Yet while they're only poind and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit:
But smash them! crush them a' to spails,
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury-Lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
Come thiggin at your doors an' yetts,
Flaffin wi' duds, an' grey wi' beas',
Frightin away your ducks an' geese;
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,

The langest thong, the fiercest growler, **Bread-albane's reward**
An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assigned your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate:
Or (if you on your station tarrow),
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;
An' till ye come—your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

HELL, *June 1st, Anno Mundi* 5790.

A DREAM

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
But surely *Dreams* were ne'er indicted Treason.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes.
My bardship here, at your Levee
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord an' lady;
"God save the King" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye:

An estimate of King George

The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your Grace,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation:
But faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps wha in a barn or byre
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

Taxation's burdens

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaister,
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester:
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearin faster,
Or faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
An' gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, wi' due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment,
A simple poet gies ye?

The Royal Family

Thae bonie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young Potentate o' Wales,
I tell your highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowt's been known,
To mak a noble aiver;
So, ye may doucely fill the throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver:
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog,
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or trowth, ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day!

Young, royal tarry-breeks, I learn, German princes
Ye've lately come athwart her—
A glorious galley, stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal charter;
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upon her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty!
But sneer na British boys awa!
For kings are unco scant aye,
An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye
On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautit;
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautit:
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it.
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautit
Fu' clean that day.

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Expect na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,

Poet and patron

To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like His Grace—
Perhaps related to the race:
Then, when I'm tir'd and sae are ye
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say—an' that's nae flatt'rin—
It's just sic poet an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgie me;
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily, and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And rascals whiles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang;

As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

Morality of no avail

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation,
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack:
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal through the winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that taks the door;
Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant, then ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

Fate of the unorthodox

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror,
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression:
I maist forgat my Dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to you:
Because (ye need na tak it ill),
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say;
For prayin, I hae little skill o't,
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, sir.——

"May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk!

A prayer for Hamilton

May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizzen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonie lasses round their table,
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their king an' country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion;
But, whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your 'humble servant' then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n—
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,

In prospect of emigration

I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear;
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

ON A SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES

A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea!

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him;
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea!

A lost laureate

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her Laureat mony a year,
That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hidin;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

An appeal to kindred natures

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea!

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit:
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.

Defence of the erring

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID

OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
An' lump them aye thegither;
The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,
The *Rigid Wise* anither:
The cleanest corn that ere was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.
SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. verse 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibours' fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water;
The heapèd happer's ebbing still,
An' still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals:
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences—
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Human weakness

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in;
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop!
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks a unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treach'rous inclination—
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man, The only judge
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,—
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

NATURE'S LAW—A POEM

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

"Great Nature spoke: observant man obey'd."—POPE.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife:
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life;
Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name, and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
"Go on, ye human race;
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.

In obedience to Nature

The liquid fire of strong desire
I've pour'd it in each bosom;
Here, on this hand, does Mankind stand,
And there is Beauty's blossom."

The Hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains,
With meikle mirth an' glee;
Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large, of the flaming current;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro';
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due:
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the bard—a great reward—
Has got a double portion!

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire:
To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
With more poetic fire.

Ye Powers of peace and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys;

Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations!

A royal precedent

REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE RECEIVED FROM A TAILOR

What ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I didna suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse
An' jag-the-flea!

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrocht 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As filled his after-life wi' grief,
An' bluidy rants,
An' yet he's rank'd among the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet!

Before the Session

But, fegs! the session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan
Than garrin lasses coup the cran,
Clean heels ower body,
An' sairly thole their mother's ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort;
Auld Clinkum, at the inner port,
Cried three times, "Robin!
Come hither lad, and answer for't,
Ye're blam'd for jobbin!"

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa before the Session:
I made an open, fair confession—
I scorn'd to lee,
An' syne Mess John beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator-loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
"But, what the matter?
(Quo' I) I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better!"

"Geld you! (quo' he) an' what for no?
If that your right hand, leg, or toe
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff—an' what for no
Your dearest member?"

Vain proposals

"Na, na, (quo' I,) I'm no' for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't;
I'd rather suffer for my faut
A hearty flewit;
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
Tho' I should rue it.

"Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a'—I've just ae ither—
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' let *her* guide it."

But, sir, this pleas'd them warst of a',
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said "Gude night," an' cam' awa',
An' left the Session;
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

THE BRIGS OF AYR

A POEM

Inscribed to JOHN BALLANTINE, Esq., Ayr

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers grey, wild whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he—nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,

In the end of Autumn

By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
When Ballantine befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds' an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,

A night ramble

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor—simplicity's reward!—
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by *Simpson's* wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where or why:)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore;
All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The other flutters o'er the rising piers:

The spirits of the bridges

Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And even the very diels they brawly ken them).
'Auld Brig' appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
'New Brig' was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neibor took his e'e,
And e'en a vexed and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en:—

AULD BRIG.

'I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see—
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.'

NEW BRIG.

'Auld Vandal! ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense:

Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, Winter floods
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonie brigs o' modern time?
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat stream,
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.'

AULD BRIG.

'Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil;
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the rolling spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
Then down ye'll hurl, (deil nor ye never rise!)
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies!
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!'

Gothic architecture

NEW BRIG.

'Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't,
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free;
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea!
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast:
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion:
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection!'

AULD BRIG.

'O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,

Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters; Sage men of old
And (what would now be strange), ye godly Writers;
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degenerate race!
Nae langer rev'rend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless *Gentry*,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—'d new brigs and harbours!'

NEW BRIG.

'Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;

Fairy music

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops and raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins:
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.'

What farther clish-ma-claver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but, all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright;
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;

His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, A gay pageant
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye;
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow:
Next followed Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair;
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death:
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gooms alang,
An' thro' my lug gies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

The worst of torments

A' down my beard the slavers trickle,
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
While round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup,
An', raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were i' their doup!

When fevers burn, or agues freeze us,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeeze us,
Our neibor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee!—thou hell o' a' diseases—
They mock our groan.

Of a' the numerous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools—
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree!

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Where a' the tones o' misery yell,
An' rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, TOOTHACHE, surely bear'st the bell,
Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore, a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes o' SCOTLAND's weal
A towmond's toothache!

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER

A step upwards

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Rab, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachl'd up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken Writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly Priests—
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken!—
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord!—stand out my shin!
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
An' sic a Lord! lang Scotch ell twa,
Our Peerage he looks o'er them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
An' how he star'd and stammer'd,
When, goavin, 's he'd been led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks.
He in the parlour hammer'd,

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes:
Thinks I: 'They are but men!'

An agreeable surprise

But 'Burns!'—'My Lord!'—Good God! I doited;
My knees on ane anither knoited
As faultering I gaed ben.

I sidling shelter'd in a neuk,
An' at his Lordship staw a leuk,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as well's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthfu' Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—Pope.

Has auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
Or great Mackinlay thrawn his heel?
Or Robertson again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

The skilful curler

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane—
Tam Samson's dead!

The Brethren, o' the mystic 'level'
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel;
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the 'cock'?
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's 'hog-score'—
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels, weel-ken'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since, dark in Death's fish-creel, we wail
Tam Samson dead!

The sportsman's death

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie muircocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa;
Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shooting graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples free'd;
But och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters,
In vain the gout his ancles fetters,
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feid;
Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
Wi' weel-aimed heed;
"Lord, five!" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger—
Tam Samson's dead!

A moorland grave

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head;
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
"Tam Samson's Dead!"

There, low he lies in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest
To hatch an' breed:
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave,
O' pouther an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be!
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in Heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie;

To a musical friend

Tell ev'ry social honest billie
To cease his grievin ;
For, yet unskaithed by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's leevin !

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN

Hail, thairm-inspirin, rattlin Willie !
Tho' fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But take it like the unbrack'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When, idly goavin, whiles we saunter,
Yirr ! fancy barks, awa we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us ; then the scathe an' banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart ; hale be your fiddle !
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this vile warl'.
Until you on a crummock driddle,
A grey-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon
(A fifth or mair)
The melancholious, sairie croon
O' cankrie care.

Fiddlers and rhymers

May still your life from day to day,
Nae *lente largo* in the play,
But *allegretto forte* gay,
Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo!

A' blessings on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule,
But, as the clegs o' feeling stang,
Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace;
Their tuneless hearts,
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
(An' that there is, I've little swither
About the matter)
We, cheek for chow, shall jog thegither;
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonie squad, priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa';
But still, but still—I like them dearly;
God bless them a'!

Prospective consolation

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers!
The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnin spite.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin—
An' every star within my hearin!
An' by her een wha was a dear ane!
I'll ne'er forget;
I hope to gie the jads a clearin
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantrip hour
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted;
Then *vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baissemains respectueusè
To sentimental sister Susie,
And honest Lucky; no to roose you,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple fate allows ye,
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth! my rhymin ware's nae treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, 30th October 1786.

A WINTER NIGHT

A winter night

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?"—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and dour,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl;
Or, thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl:

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird,—wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you, on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,

Man's inhumanity

The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats!

Now Phœbe in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!

"See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er the land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple, rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show—
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd—
Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below!

Pity for the wretched

"Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares:
This boasted Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!
Perhaps this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

"Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep;
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushèd low
By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

The Scottish capital

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.
But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs:
From marking wildly scatt'red flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise:
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale:

Edinburgh Castle

Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never Envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid Law cries out "'twas just!"

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:

The lordly haggis

Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs;
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs:
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive: Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive, Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve, Are bent lyke drums; Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive, 'Bethankit!' hums. Scotland's wish

Is there that owre his French *ragout*
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis!

Early ambition

EPISTLE TO MRS SCOTT

GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE, ROXBURGHSHIRE

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh ;
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn :
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, (I mind its pow'r,)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear :
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise ;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,

Wild floated in my brain ; **First inspiration**
'Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain ;
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
I firèd, inspirèd,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel says :
Wi' merry dance in winter days,
An' we to share in common ;
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither ;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her :
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line :
The marled plaid ye kindly spare.
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the nine.

The poet confesses

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hinging owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Farewell then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa';
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

R. Burns.

March 1787.

ADDRESS TO WM. TYTLER, ESQ., OF WOODHOUSELEE

WITH AN IMPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected;
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne:
My fathers have dièd to right it:
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry:
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

his Jacobite leanings

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us th' Electoral stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground;
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night:
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

BURLESQUE LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH, PUBLISHER.

Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
Willie, 's awa.

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco' sleight,

Edinburgh suffers from

Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,—
Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd;
Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools—
Willie, 's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Among them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer;
Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core—
Willie, 's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;

M'Kenzie, Stewart, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa!

the absence of Creech

Poor Burns ev'n Scotch Drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin,
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin,
Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
Ilk self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum—
Willie,'s awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks, now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

May I be Slander's common speech;
A text for Infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked Fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!

Caledonia laments

Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed new Jerusalem
Fleet wing awa!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow;
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

the death of Blair

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear;
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier;
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh!

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow:
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE

My lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,

The Falls of Bruar

How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin, glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was, he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying each large spring and well,
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

Silvan scenery

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone-descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds, with all their wealth,
As empty idle care;
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,
The hour of heav'n to grace;
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey;

The Athole family

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonie lasses!"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:

Man and bird

Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain!

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

The exiled Stuarts

BIRTHDAY ODE
FOR 31ST DECEMBER 1787

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day should hail;
An inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity's bounty fed,
Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale!
Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
But He, who should imperial purple wear,
Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head!
His wretched refuge, dark despair,
While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share.

False flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more,
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low adore.
Ye honored, mighty Dead,
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your KING, your Country, and her laws,
From great DUNDEE, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a Martyr in her arms,
(What breast of northern ice but warms!)
To bold BALMERINO's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim:

Coming vengeance

Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
It only lags, the fatal hour,
Your blood shall, with incessant cry,
Awake at last, th' unsparing Power;
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed and gathering force,
Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale;
So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
And STEWART's wrongs and yours, with tenfold weight repay.

PERDITION, baleful child of night!
Rise and revenge the injured right
Of STEWART's royal race:
Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
Till all the frighted echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase!
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction, and the nation's curse!
Hark how the cry grows on the wind;
They leave the lagging gale behind,
Their savage fury, pitiless, they pour;
With murdering eyes already they devour;
See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse!
Such havock, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring,
The base apostates to their GOD,
Or rebels to their KING.

Death of Dundas

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, Esq., OF ARNISTON

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION

Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a hollow moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly;
Where, to the whistling blast and water's roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod:
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now, gay in hope, explore the paths of men:
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
Mark Ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times,

View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, New surroundings
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours the unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, ye brown unsightly plains,
Congenial scenes, ye soothe my mournful strains:
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure—
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er cross't the Muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles:
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhuskèd by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa bodies,

The poet's mare

Wi' nae kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' cannie care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
At howes, or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?—
O had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
Or turn the pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY

REQUESTING A FAVOUR

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,

Her eye intent on all the mazy plan, Nature's jest
She form'd of various parts the various Man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding Industry, and sober Worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines;
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it),
She forms the thing and christens it—a Poet:
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the wages ends;

The helpless poet

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work:
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous, truly great:
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon:
The world were blest did bliss on them depend;
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let Prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor "will do" wait upon "I should"—
We own they're prudent, but who owns they're good?
Ye wise ones hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!

But come ye who the god-like pleasure know, leans upon his patron
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp all human race:
Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
FRIEND OF MY LIFE, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose *verse* in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging *prose*.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek you the proofs in private life to find?
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun Benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays—
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again,
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more,
On eighteenpence a week I've liv'd before.
Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
flight.

Counsels for leading

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE ON NITHSIDE

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night,—in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold!
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease;

There ruminate with sober thought, a happy life
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound:
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n,
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise—
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep,—
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.
Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nithside.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born:
But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A Towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!

Events of the year

O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space,
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish Empire's tint a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead:
The tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's dour—has nae sic breedin,
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a middin.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit,
For Eighty-eight, he wished you weel,
An' gied ye a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonie lassies, dight your e'en,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was taen,
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For E'nburgh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now hast got thy Daddy's chair;

Nae handcuff'd, mizzl'd, half-shackl'd Regent, The fate of Dives
But, like himsel, a full free agent,
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS OSWALD OF AUCHENCRUIVE

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark,
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd Beldam's face;
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet, melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows;
Pity's flood *there* never rose,
See these hands ne'er stretched to save
Hands that took, but never gave:
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies! lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends;)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;

Honest poverty

'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate;
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here!
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched Vital Part is driven!
The cave-lodged Beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.

ODE ON THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL

Daughter of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,
Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rights of sepulture now duly paid)
Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or under-ground,
Deep-sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make
The mountains shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-starred, blighted birth;
Or in the uncreated Void,

The Regency Bill

Where seeds of future being fight,
With lessen'd step thou wander wide,
To greet thy Mother—Ancient Night.
And as each jarring, monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast:
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!
By a Monarch's heaven-struck fate,
By a disunited State,
By a generous Prince's wrongs,
By a Senate's strife of tongues,
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide;
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe
Rhetoric, blasphemy and law;
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion,
By the harlot-caresses
Of borough addresses,
By days few and evil,
(Thy portion, poor devil!)
By Power, Wealth, and Show,
(The Gods by men adored,)
By nameless Poverty,
(Their hell abhorred,)
By all they hope, by all they fear,
Hear! and Appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghastly Power!
Nor, grim with chained defiance lour:
No Babel-structure would I build
Where, order exil'd from his native sway,
Confusion may the regent-sceptre wield,
While all would rule and none obey:

The King's recovery

Go, to the world of man relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear
And bid him check his blind career;
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care,
Never, never to despair!
Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand:
Paint all the triumph of the Portland Band;
Mark how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
And how their num'rous creditors rejoice;
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
Cry CONVALESCENCE! and the vision flies.

Then next pourtray a dark'ning twilight gloom,
Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
While proud Ambition to th' untimely tomb
By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne:
Paint ruin, in the shape of high D[undas]
Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow;
In vain he struggles, the fates behind him press,
And clam'rous hell yawns for her prey below:
How fallen *That*, whose pride late scaled the skies!
And *This*, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
Again pronounce the powerful word;
See Day, triumphant from the night, restored.

Then know this truth, ye Sons of Men!
(Thus ends thy moral tale,)
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
Your brightest hopes may fail.

EPISTLE TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER

Philosophy and Religion

Auld comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do you this blae eastlin wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd.
I've sent you here, by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
And in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives and wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly:
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce
I pray and ponder butt the house;
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin,
Perusing Bunyan, Brown an' Boston,
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

Old acquaintance

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down wi' auld grey hairs
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him;
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason-billie,
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
And no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock!
And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,
To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet:
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,

Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.

The character of Fox

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you:
For my sake, this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

SKETCH IN VERSE

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite,
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white,
How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction,
I sing. If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name, offers fifty excuses.

[The depth of human nature

Good Lord, what is Man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours:
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, Ruling Passion—the picture will show him,
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, *Truth*, should have miss'd him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? There's more in the wind;
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim.
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage, much more than your prudence, you show it:
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle;
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle:
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back stairs, and by God he would steal 'em!
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em;
It is not, out-do him—the task is, out-thieve him!

The wounded hare

THE WOUNDED HARE

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Captain Grose

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM

Hear, land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;—
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you takin notes,
And faith he'll prent it:

If in your bounds you chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel;
And wow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, Lord save's! colleaguin
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches,
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

A choice collection

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats and auld saut-backets,
Before the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguishèd the gender
O' Balaam's ass:
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nickit Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him:
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And THEN ye'll see him!

Highland Mary

Now, by the Pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, "Shame fa' thee."

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear,
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

A careless messenger

EPISTLE TO DR BLACKLOCK

ELLISLAND, 21*st Oct.* 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel and cantie?
I ken'd it still, your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye!
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld myself by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins, honest Master Heron
Had, at the time, some dainty fair one
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fere,
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!

The struggle for a living

Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies;
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt—
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh-woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whiles do mair.

But to conclude my sillie rhyme
(I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time),

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

The coming of Spring

My compliments to sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Luckie;
I wat she is a daintie chuckie,
As e'er tread clay;
And gratefully, my gude auld cockie,
I'm yours for aye.
ROBERT BURNS.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

A royal prisoner

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae;
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may Summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn?
And, in the narrow house of death,
Let Winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Captain Matthew Henderson

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heavenly light.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn,
By wood and wild,
Where haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neighbours o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!

Nature called upon

Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews, calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;

Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake. **to mourn his death**

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day;
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
Till waukrife morn.

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead?

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!

The best of men

Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, Empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

Kindred natures

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man;
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou, at Friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign, man:
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish, whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

"Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke."
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors neibors meet;

Tam o' Shanter's character

As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the Miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,

How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

A merry evening

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—

A stormy night

Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,

The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

An unholy festival

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddie,
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light.
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,

The witches' dance

A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted :
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter which a babe had strangled :
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The Piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens !
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen !—
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That aince were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie : Cutty-Sark
There was ae winsome wench and waulie
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear) ;
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah ! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd :
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark ! "
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;

Tam's narrow escape

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN

The aged bard laments

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods,
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleachèd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To Echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques o' the vernal queir!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane;

his master's death

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown:
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing, and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists obscure involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:

Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care. **Great Glencairn**

"O! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day—
A day to me so full of woe?
O! had I met the mortal shaft
That laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!'

SECOND EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY

5TH OCTOBER 1791

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

The defenceless bard

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain;
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell;
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts
Her tongue and eyes—her dreaded spear and darts.

But O thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not, Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name;
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Munroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, The blessings of dulness
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life:
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude "that fools are fortune's care."
So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

The poet's remaining stay

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost—
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
(Fled, like the sun-eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears);
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay half—to whore no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

The actor's epistle

" Alas! I feel I am no actor here! "
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or, haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press;
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war:
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty Colonel leaves the tartan'd lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines:
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way:
The shrinking Bard adown the alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks:
Though there his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?

to Maria Riddell

Whose spleen (e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,)—
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine
The idiot strum of Vanity bemus'd,
And even the abuse of Poesy abus'd?—
Who called her verse a Parish Workhouse, made
For motley foundling Fancies, stolen or strayed?

A Workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep
That straw, where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The Vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares,
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls—
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit!
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true!
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:

For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply!

American independence

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created Fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the arm that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!

England's disgrace

But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man!

Alfred! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine!"
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damnèd deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia! thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies.
Hear it not, Wallace! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!

Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Crush'd Usurpation's boldest daring!—
Dark-quench'd as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.

A small request

VERSES TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL

Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it skelpin jig and reel
In my poor pouches!

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *One-pound-one*, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moanin
To see the New come laden, groanin,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin,
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crownin
The hale design.

Farewell Folly

. . . . . POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been lickit,
And by fell Death was nearly nickit;
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel, I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye!

EPISTLE TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER

My honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty world were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve;
And aye rowth o' roast-beef and claret,
Syne, wha wad starve?

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her, Satan's snares
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a ratton
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines, and bonie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O hell's damned waft.

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure!
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs,
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs,
A gibbet's tassel.

A prayer

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen.
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

BALLADS

JOHN BARLEYCORN: A BALLAD

The British Dionysus

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

'Barley Bree'

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

The American War

BALLAD ON THE AMERICAN WAR

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

When Guilford good our pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's Burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-Loin he hackèd sma', man.

The American War

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville dour, wha stood the stour,
The German chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man;
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspirèd bardies saw, man),
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

The Fête Champêtre

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man;
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' bluid,
To mak it guid in law, man.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

O WHA will to St Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man?
O wha will to St Stephen's House
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will we send a man o' law?
Or will we send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a',
The meikle Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.

The Fête Champêtre

Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter:
Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green woods amang, man:
Where, gathering flowers, and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man:
A vow they sealed it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter;
As their's alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man:
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man,
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
What sparkling jewels glance, man!
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.

The echoing wood, the winding flood, Caledonia's birth
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there to mix
And make his ether-stane, man!
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

CALEDONIA: A BALLAD

Tune—"Caledonian Hunts' Delight" of Mr Gow.

THERE was once a time, but old Time was then young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heav'nly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"

Scottish History

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The Cameleon-Savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, **Church polemics**
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse:
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND'S ALARM

A BALLAD

Tune—"Come rouse, Brother Sportsman!"

ORTHODOX! orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
A heretic blast has been blawn in the West,
That what is not sense must be nonsense,
Orthodox! That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac! Doctor Mac, you should streek on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror:
To join Faith and Sense, upon ony pretence,
Was heretic, damnable error,
Doctor Mac! 'Twas heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr! town of Ayr, it was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing,
Provost John is still deaf to the Church's relief,
And Orator Bob is its ruin,
Town of Ayr! Yes, Orator Bob is its ruin.

Local preachers

D'rymple mild! D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save you, auld Satan must have you,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa,
D'rymple mild! For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Calvin's sons! Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powder enough,
And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead,
Calvin's sons! Your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

Rumble John! rumble John, mount the steps with a groan,
Cry, "The Book is with heresy cramm'd";
Then out wi' your ladle, deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd,
Rumble John! And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James! simper James, leave your fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view:
I'll lay on your head, that the pack you'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few,
Simper James! For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie! singet Sawnie, are ye huirdin the penny,
Unconscious what danger awaits?
With a jump, yell, and howl, alarm ev'ry soul,
For Hannibal's just at your gates,
Singet Sawnie! For Hannibal's just at your gates.

briefly dealt with

Poet Willie! poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "Liberty's Chain" and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t,
Poet Willie! Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Barr Steenie! Barr Steenie, what mean ye, what mean ye?
If ye meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence, man, to havins and sense, man,
Wi' people that ken ye nae better,
Barr Steenie! Wi' people that ken ye nae better.

Jamie Goose! Jamie Goose, ye made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the Lord's holy ark,
He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't,
Jamie Goose! He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Davie Bluster! Davie Bluster, for a saint if ye muster,
The core is no nice o' recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the Ass were the king o' the brutes,
Davie Bluster! If the Ass were the king o' the brutes.

Cessnock-side! Cessnock-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share:

Holy Willie again

Ye've the figure, 'tis true, ev'n your foes maun allow,
And your friends dare na say ye hae mair,
Cessnock-side! And your friends dare na say ye hae mair.

Muirland Jock! muirland Jock, when the Lord makes a rock,
To crush common-sense for her sins;
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance,
Muirland Jock! To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Andro Gowk! Andro Gowk, ye may slander the Book,
An' the Book nought the waur, let me tell ye;
Tho' ye're rich, an' look big, yet, lay by hat an' wig,
An' ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value,
Andro Gowk! Ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Daddy Auld! daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
For gif ye canna bite, ye may bark,
Daddy Auld! Gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Holy Will! holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye're taen for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour,
Holy Will! Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

Poet Burns! poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelpin turns, The Whistle
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsy, yet were she e'en tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are,
Poet Burns! She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

PRESENTATION STANZAS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Factor John! Factor John, whom the Lord made alone,
And ne'er made anither, thy peer,
Thy poor servant, the Bard, in respectful regard,
He presents thee this token sincere,
Factor John! He presents thee this token sincere.

Afton's Laird! Afton's Laird, when your pen can be spared,
A copy of this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score as I mention'd before,
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith,
Afton's Laird! To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

THE WHISTLE: A BALLAD

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish King,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

The challenge

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell :
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea ;
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd ;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend ;
Said, "Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,"
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair, **The contest**
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But, for wine and for welcome, not more known
to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely
dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they
were wet.

Gay Pleasures ran riot as bumpers ran o'er:
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night.
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine;
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers
contend!

The winner

Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

THE FIVE CARLINS

AN ELECTION BALLAD

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

There was five Carlins in the South,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honor baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh;
And Marjory o' the mony Lochs,
A Carlin auld and teugh.

The five boroughs

And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side;
And whisky Jean, that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide.

And black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin;
Five wighter Carlins were na found
The South countrie within.

To send a lad to London town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred of a Border band;
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane about the court
Wad bid to him gude-day.

The neist cam in, a Soger youth,
Wha spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Differences of opinion

Then, wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir Carlins fell;
For some had Gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the Sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld Gudeman o' London court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send the Soger youth,
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's taen,
That she wad vote the Border Knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried the Border Knight,
And I'll try him yet again."

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A Carlin stoor and grim,
"The auld Gudeman, and the young Gudeman,
For me may sink or swim;

"For fools will prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the Soger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn."

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',

The auld gudeman o' London court,
His back's been at the wa';

An independent choice

"And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup,
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean—
We'll send the Border Knight."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true;

"There's some great folk set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to London town
Wham I like best at hame."

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell;
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himsel'.

ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'

Tune—"Up and waur them a', Willie."

The Laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his grace wi' a', Jamie;
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the King—
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Chorus—Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs awa'!

For Westerha'

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.
Up and waur them, &c.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.
Up and waur them, &c.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue;
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.
Up and waur them, &c.

ELECTION BALLAD

AT CLOSE OF THE CONTEST FOR REPRESENTING THE DUMFRIES BURGHS, 1790

Addressed to R. GRAHAM, Esq. of Fintry.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

But where shall I gae rin or ride,
That I may splatter nane beside?
I wad na be uncivil:
In mankind's various paths and ways
There's aye some doytin body strays,
And *I* ride like a devil.

A canter on Pegasus

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr,
And down yon dark, deep alley spur,
Where Theologics daunder:
Alas! curst wi' eternal fogs,
And damn'd in everlasting bogs,
As sure's the creed I'll blunder!

I'll stain a band, or jaup a gown,
Or rin my reckless, guilty crown
Against the haly door:
Sair do I rue my luckless fate,
When, as the Muse an' Deil wad hae't,
I rade that road before.

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix
Amang the wilds o' Politics—
Electors and elected,
Where dogs at Court (sad sons of bitches!)
Septennially a madness touches,
Till all the land's infected.

All hail! Drumlanrig's haughty Grace,
Discarded remnant of a race
Once godlike—great in story;
Thy forbears' virtues all contrasted,
The very name of Douglas blasted,
Thine that inverted glory!

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore,
But thou hast superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt!

Election methods

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes, and their darlings:
And bent on winning borough touns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,
And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
Besides, he hated *bleeding*:
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows!)
Led on the Loves and Graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, *sub rosa*, played his part,
Amang their wives and lasses.

The strife of parties

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought;
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory;
And Welsh who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopeian fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my describing;
Squadrons, extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like furious devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate,
Amid this mighty tulyie!
Grim Horror girn'd, pale Terror roar'd,
As Murder at his thrapple shor'd,
And Hell mix'd in the brulyie.

A Whig victory

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down with crashing rattle;
As flames among a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods,
Such is the rage of Battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers;
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murtherer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame;
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham;
Auld Covenanters shiver—
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever.

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can;
The Tory ranks are broken.

Regrets and rejoicings

O that my een were flowing burns!
My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but melts for good Sir James,
Dear to his country, by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;
And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave;
And Stewart, bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shall rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
And Melville melt in wailing:
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice,
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He only hears and sees the war,
A cool spectator purely!
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell,
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire!

In favour of Mr Heron

BALLADS ON MR HERON'S ELECTION, 1795

BALLAD FIRST

Whom will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that,
Where is the Laird or belted Knight
The best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
(And wha is't never saw that?)
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,
Wi' Dukes and Lords let Selkirk mix.
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to Nobles jouk,
And is't against the law, that?
For why, a Lord may be a gowk,
Wi' ribband, star and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A Lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribband, star and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought and sold,
Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink—The Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that.

BALLAD SECOND—ELECTION DAY

Tune—"Fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
And O how the heroes will swear!
And there will be Murray, Commander,
And Gordon, the battle to win;
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

The opposing party

And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
And he get na Hell for his haddin,
The Deil gets na justice ava.
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane;
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff;
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord! what's become o' the head?
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation,
The Devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the arse o' a Peer:
And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name in the Firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The birkie is gettin' his Questions
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.

Heron's supporters

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true;
And there will be Buittle's Apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's
A house o' great merit and note;
The deil ane but honours them highly—
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

And there'll be wealthy young Richard;
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
(Tho' Nabobs, yet men o' the first,)
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
And Quintin—o' lads not the worst.

And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie,
(Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!)
And there will be gay Cassencarry,
And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam.
[But where is the Doggerbank hero,
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel,
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.]

But mark ye! there's trusty Kerroughtree,
Whose honor was ever his law;
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a';
[And strang an' respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Wha's property's paper—not land.]

Some leading men

And there will be Heron, the Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
Him, only it's justice to praise.
And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's gude Knight,
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Yet luckily roars i' the right.

And there, frae the Niddisdale border,
The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie, an' Wellwood,
That griens for the fishes and loaves;
And there will be Logan M'Dowall,
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sogering, gunpowder Blair.

Then hey! the chaste Interest o' Broughton,
And hey! for the blessin's 'twill bring;
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
And hey! for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

BALLAD THIRD

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

Tune—"Babes in the Wood."

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
Of ony man alive.

The Earl's minion

In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear an' bright;
But oh! I was a waefu' man,
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsmen join'd,
The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;
So twa blind beggars, on a string,
The faithfu' tyke will trust.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there,
Did muster a' their powers.

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

And there had na been the Yerl himsel,
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

The Tory party

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine.

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
For wha could dye the black?

And there was grave squire Cardoness,
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie, Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name,
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christenin' kail-yards.

And then Redcastle drew his sword, Cheap merchandise
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last cam creepin Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind—
To keep that knave frae scaith.

BALLAD FOURTH

THE TROGGER

Tune—"Buy Broom Besoms."

Wha will buy my troggin, fine election ware,
Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?

Chorus—Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown—
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e;
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining, Cardoness's head,
Fine for a soger, a' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Cheap merchandise

Here's a little wadset, Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald, so was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, a sour-crab apple, rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle, sprawlin like a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names;
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? if to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin chapman—he'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY

Erskine and Dundas

A NEW BALLAD

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job,
Who should be the Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment the tenth remember'd:
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Tho' the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy;
For talents, to deserve a place,
Are qualifications saucy.
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind mental vision—

The Dean of Faculty

Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear that he has the angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your honours, as with a certain king,
In your servants this is striking,
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

This issue of the "Poems and Songs of Robert Burns" *has been edited by* Mr W. A. Craigie, M.A. St Andrews, B.A. Oriel College, Oxford, *a member of the editorial staff of the* "Oxford New English Dictionary," *author of* "A Primer of Burns," *&c.*

Mr Craigie *has revised the text, and added the Marginalia, the Notes, and Glossaries.*

The pieces in each group are arranged in the order of composition, so far as this has been made out.

I. G.

November 15th, 1898.

Notes

P. 1. *Death of Mailie.*—Written in 1783. *Hughoc.*—'A neebour herd-callant about three-fourths as wise as other folk.'—*R. B.*

P. 3. *Poor Mailie's Elegy.*—Probably written later than the *Death*. An early MS. draft differs widely from the printed text.

P. 5. *Epistle to Rankine.*—Burns here alludes to his amour with Elizabeth Paton in 1784. *Your dreams and tricks.*—'A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the countryside.'—*R. B.*

P. 6. *Yon sang.*—'A song he had promised the author.'—*R. B.*

P. 8. *A Poet's Welcome, etc.*—Elizabeth Paton's child was born in November 1784. Burns never printed the piece, and the copies vary considerably.

P. 12. *The Twa Herds.*—Not printed by Burns, who writes in a MS. copy: 'The following was the first of my poetical productions that saw the light. . . . The occasion was a bitter and shameless quarrel between two Rev. gentlemen, Moodie of Riccarton and Russell of Kilmarnock. It was at the time when the hue and cry against patronage was at its worst.'

P 16. *Epistle to Davie.*—David Sillar, teacher and shopkeeper in Tarbolton and Irvine, published his own poems in 1789.

P. 21. *Holy Willie's Prayer.*—Not printed by Burns. The elder's name was William Fisher (1737-1809). To the copy in the *Glenriddel Book* Burns prefixed the following explanatory note:—'ARGUMENT.—Holy Willie was a rather oldish bachelor elder, in the parish of

Mauchline, and much and justly famed for that polemical chattering, which ends in tippling orthodoxy, and for that spiritualized bawdry which refines to liquorish devotion. . In a sessional process with a gentleman in Mauchline—a Mr Gavin Hamilton — Holy Willie and his priest, Father Auld, after full hearing in the Presbytery of Ayr, came off but second best; owing partly to the oratorical powers of Mr Robert Aiken, Mr Hamilton's counsel; but chiefly to Mr Hamilton's being one of the most irreproachable and truly respectable characters in the county. On losing the process, the muse overheard him [Holy Willie] at his devotions, as follows:—'

P. 25. *Death and Doctor Hornbook.*—A satire on John Wilson, schoolmaster of Tarbolton, who dabbled in medicine.

P. 26. *Busy sawin.*—'This rencontre happened in the seed-time 1785.'—*R. B.*

P. 27. *At monie a house.*—'An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.'—*R. B.*

P. 28. *Jock Hornbook.* — 'This gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.' *Buchan.*—'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.'—*R. B.*

P. 29. *Johnie Ged's-Hole.*—'The grave-digger.'—*R. B.*

P. 31. *Epistle to Lapraik.*—Lapraik, a small laird near Muirkirk (1727-1807) published his poems in 1788.

P. 46. *Epistle to Goldie.*—Not printed by Burns. John Goldie or Goudie (1717-1809) was a business man in Kilmarnock, who devoted his leisure to scientific and theological studies. *The Chapel.*—'Mr Russell's Kirk.'—*R. B.*

P. 47. *Taylor.*—'Dr Taylor of Norwich.'—*R. B.*

P. 48. *The Holy Fair.* — 'Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.—*R. B.*

P. 52. *The Cowgate.*—'A street so called which faces the tent in Mauchline.'—*R. B.*

P. 56. *Third Epistle to Lapraik.*—Not printed by Burns.

P. 57. *Epistle to M'Math.*—Not printed by Burns.

P. 61. *Second Epistle to Davie.*—Published in Sillar's Poems, 1789.

P. 62. *Halloween.*—'The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.' '[Halloween] is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.' *Cassilis Downans.*—'Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.'

P. 63. *The Cove.*—'A noted cavern near Colean house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of fairies.' *Bruce.*—'The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.' *Their stocks.*—'The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a "stock" or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull

the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any "yird," or earth, stick to the root, that is "tocher," or fortune; and the taste of the "custock," that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the "runts," are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the "runts," the names in question.'

P 64. *Stalks o' corn.*—'They go to the barnyard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the "top-pickle," that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.' *Fause-house.* —'When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a "fause-house."' *Nits.* —'Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.'

P. 66. *The blue clue.*—'Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and darkling throw into the "pot" a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, "Wha

hauds?" *i.e.* who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.' *The apple.*—'Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass: eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.'

P. 67. *Hemp-seed.*—'Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then—"Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me, and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me and harrow thee.'

P. 68. *Three wechts o' naething.*—'This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a "wecht," and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.'

P. 69. *Faddom't thrice.*—'Take an opportunity of

going unnoticed to a "bear-stack," and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.' *Left sark-sleeve.*—'You go out, one or more (for this is a social spell), to a south running spring, or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.'

P. 70. *The luggies three.*—'Take three dishes, put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future (husband or) wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid: if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.' *Butter'd sowens.*—'Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.'—*R. B.*

P. 72. *Adam Armour's Prayer.* — Not printed by Burns.

P. 74. *The Jolly Beggars.*—Not printed by Burns, who had no copy of it in 1793 and declared that he had forgotten all about it. The piece was suggested by an accidental visit to a low tavern in Mauchline.

P. 82. *Kilbaigie.*—'A peculiar sort of whisky, so called, a great favourite with Poosie Nansie's clubs.'—*R. B.*

P. 83. *Homer's craft.*—'Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.'—*R. B.*

P. 106. *Luath.*—'Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.' —*R. B.*

P. 113. *The Author's Earnest Cry.*—'This was written before the Act anent the Scotch distilleries, of session 1786, for which Scotland and the Author return their most graceful thanks.'—*R. B.*

P. 117. *Nance Tinnock's.*—'A worthy old hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch drink.'—*R. B.*

P. 119. *The Ordination.*—James Mackinlay (1756-1841) was ordained as second minister of the Laigh Kirk, Kilmarnock, in April 1786, but the poem was composed some months earlier.

P. 120. *Maggie Lauder.*—'Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.' *Ham.*—'Genesis ix. 22.' *Phineas.*—'Numbers xxv. 8.' *Zipporah.*—'Exodus iv. 25.'—*R. B.*

P. 123. *New-light.*—'A cant-phrase in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.'—*R. B.*

Epistle to James Smith.—Smith (1765-1788) was a native of Mauchline and a member of the Bachelors' Club which met at the Whitefoord Arms there.

P. 129. *The Vision.*—'Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his Cath-Loda, vol. 2 of M'Pherson's translation.'—*R. B.*

P. 132. *By stately tow'r.*—The seven stanzas following on this were first printed in the Edinburgh edition of 1787. Thirteen others are found in the Stair MS. (see Vol. II.). *A race heroic.*—'The Wallace's.'—*R. B.*

P. 133. *His Country's Saviour.*—'William Wallace.' *Richardton's heroic swell.*—'Adam Wallace of

Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.' *The chief, on Sark, etc.*—'Wallace, laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.' *A sceptred Pictish shade.*—'Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is still shown.' *Wild romantic grove.*—'Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice-Clerk.' *Sire and Son.*—'Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor and present Professor Stewart.' *Brydon's brave ward.*—'Colonel Fullarton.' —*R. B.*

P. 135. *And when the bard.*—This verse first appeared in the Edinburgh edition.

P. 139. *Hand-afore.*—'The fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough.' *Hand-ahin.*—'The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.' *Killie.*—'Kilmarnock.' *Furr-ahin.*—'The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.'—*R. B.*

P. 145. *The Lament.*—The occasion is Burns's rupture with the Armours.

P. 150. *Epistle to a young friend.*—The friend was Andrew Aiken, son of Robert Aiken of Ayr.

P. 153. *Address of Beelzebub.*—The full heading of the address is 'To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who,

as the Society were informed by Mr M'Kenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters whose property they are, by emigrating from the lands of Mr Macdonald of Glengary to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY.'

P. 155. *A Dream.*—Thus introduced by the poet: 'On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade of June 4th, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee: and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address:—'

P. 158. *Osnaburg.*—Frederick, second son of George III., was Bishop of Osnaburg.

P. 159. *Tarry-breeks.*—Prince William Henry, George's third son, afterwards King William IV. *A glorious galley.*—'Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain Royal sailor's amour.' —*R. B.*

A Dedication.—Gavin Hamilton (1751-1805) was a solicitor in Mauchline, from whom the Burnses held the farm of Mossgiel. *Cf.* the 'Argument' to *Holy Willie's Prayer.*

P. 167. *To the Unco Guid.*—First published in the Edinburgh Edition, 1787.

P. 169. *Nature's Law.*—Not printed by Burns. Jean Armour became the mother of twins on Sept. 3, 1786.

P. 171. *Reply to a Tailor.*—Burns's adviser was Thomas Walker of Pool, near Ochiltree. Burns never printed the piece.

P. 173. *The Brigs of Ayr.*—John Ballantine (1743-1812) was banker and merchant in Ayr, and provost of the burgh in 1787.

P. 175. *Simpson's.*—'A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—*R. B.*

P. 177. *Ducat Stream.*—'A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.' *Haunted Garpal.*—'The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in

the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.' *Glenbuck.*—'The source of the River Ayr.' *Ratton Key.*—'A small landing place above the large quay.'—*R. B. Then down ye'll hurl.*—The New Bridge (erected in 1785-88) was actually so much injured by a flood in 1877 as to necessitate its being rebuilt.

P. 180. *M'Lauchlan.*—'A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.'—*R. B.*

P. 181. *Address to the Toothache.*—Not printed by Burns: the copies vary considerably.

P. 183. *Lines on meeting with Lord Daer.*—Not printed by Burns. The meeting with Lord Daer, second son of the Earl of Selkirk (1763-1794), took place at Catrine, the residence of Prof. Dugald Stewart, on Oct. 23, 1786.

P. 184. *Tam Samson's Elegy.*—'When this worthy old sportsman went out, last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.' *Mackinlay.*—'A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide *The Ordination*, stanza ii.' *Robertson.*—'Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also *The Ordination*, stanza ix.'—*R. B.*

P. 185. *To guard or draw or wick a bore.*—These are technical terms in the game of curling.

P. 187. *Killie.*—Kilmarnock. 'Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west.'—*R. B.*

P. 188. *Epistle to Major Logan.*—Not printed by Burns. Major William Logan lived at Park (*cf.* p. 190) near Ayr.

P. 194. *Address to Edinburgh.*—Burns arrived in the Scottish capital on Nov. 28, 1786, and the

poem was written at some date before Dec. 27.

P. 198. *Epistle to Mrs Scott.*—Not printed by Burns. Mrs Scott (1729-1789) sent Burns a riming epistle in Feb. 1787.

P. 199. *My partner.*—Nelly Kirkpatrick, the subject of the song *Handsome Nell* (1773).

P. 200. *Address to Wm. Tytler.*—Not printed by Burns, who asked the recipient to burn the verses. Tytler (1711-1792) was the author of a work on Queen Mary, alluded to in the first line of the piece.

P. 201. *Burlesque Lament, etc.*—Not printed by Burns, who described it as 'nearly extempore.' Creech (1745-1815) was Burns's Edinburgh publisher, and a man of importance in the capital.

P. 204. *Elegy on the death of Blair.*—Not printed by Burns, who considered it a 'mediocre performance.' Sir James H. Blair (1741-1787) was a banker and a 'worthy, public-spirited man.' The places indicated in stanza ii. are: 'The King's Park, at Holyrood House'; 'Saint Anthony's Well'; 'Saint Anthony's Chapel.'—*R. B.*

P. 205. *The Petition of Bruar Water.*—Written after a visit to the Falls in August 1787. 'Bruar Falls in Atholl are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.'—*R. B.*

P. 208. *On Scaring some Water-fowl.*—'This was the production of a solitary forenoon's walk from Oughtertyre House.'—*R. B.* Burns was Sir William Murray's guest for two or three weeks in Oct. 1787.

P. 210. *Birthday Ode.*—The birthday was that of Prince Charles Edward. Burns never printed the piece.

P. 212. *On the Death of Dundas.*—Not printed by Burns, who sent it to the son of the deceased Lord President (1713-1787), and

was highly incensed that he took no notice of it.

P. 213. *Epistle to Hugh Parker.*—Not printed by Burns: written soon after his arrival at Ellisland (June 12, 1788).

P. 214. *Epistle to R. Graham.*—Not printed by Burns: the MSS. show many variations. Graham (1749-1815) became Commissioner of Excise in 1787; Burns met him at the Duke of Atholl's in August of that year, and found in him a good friend and supporter.

P. 218. *Written in Friar's Carse Hermitage.*—A revised and extended version of lines originally written on a window-pane in the Hermitage (June 1788). The MSS. indicate that Burns took much trouble with the piece.

P. 219. *Elegy on the year* 1788.—Not included by Burns in the editions of his poems, but sent to the newspapers under an assumed name.

P. 221. *Ode to the Memory of Mrs Oswald.*—The lady died in Westminster, Dec. 6, 1788, and her body was taken to Ayrshire for burial. Burns was turned out of Whigham's Inn at Sanquhar on a stormy night, in order to make room for the funeral party, and revenged himself in the Ode.

P. 222. *Ode on the Regency Bill.*—Sent by Burns to the *Star*, but not included in his published works. The Bill was occasioned by King George's mental condition in the later months of 1788, and was withdrawn on his recovery in Feb. 1789.

P. 225. *Epistle to James Tennant.*—Not printed by Burns. Tennant (1755-1835) was miller at Ochiltree.

P. 227. *Sketch in Verse.*—Not printed by Burns.

P. 229. *The Wounded Hare.*—Severely criticised by Dr Gregory, and partly altered by Burns in consequence.

P. 230. *On the late Captain Grose.*—Francis Grose (*c.*

1731-1791), artist, antiquarian, and militia officer, became acquainted with Burns while preparing a work on the *Antiquities of Scotland*.

P. 233. *Epistle to Dr Blacklock.*—Not printed by Burns. Thomas Blacklock (1721-1791) was a blind scholar and versifier, whose laudatory verdict on Burns's poems made him finally resolve to go to Edinburgh instead of the West Indies. *Heron* (1764-1807) afterwards wrote a *Life of Burns* (1797).

P. 237. *Elegy on Matthew Henderson.*—Henderson was one of Burns's Edinburgh friends.

P. 241. *Tam o' Shanter.*—Written for Captain Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, to accompany a drawing of Alloway Kirk. Burns also sent a prose version of the tale to Grose.

P. 249. *Lament for Glencairn.*—The Earl of Glencairn, who did much to help Burns in Edinburgh, died Jan. 30, 1791.

P. 251. *Second Epistle to Graham.*—The epistle, sent to Graham on Oct. 6, 1791, is largely made up of two fragments written in 1788, and at that time intended to form part of an ambitious poem, to be called the *Poet's Progress*.

P. 254. *Epistle from Esopus.*—Not printed by Burns. 'Esopus' stands for James Williamson, an actor, imprisoned as a vagrant by the Earl of Lonsdale: 'Maria' was Mrs Walter Riddell of Woodley Park, with whom Burns was then at variance.

P. 267. *The Fête Champêtre.*—Not printed by Burns: the entertainment was given by Cunningham of Annbank in 1788.

P. 271. *The Kirk's Alarm.*—Not printed by Burns: the MSS. differ in order and number of the verses as well as in single lines and phrases. The 'heretic blast' was blown by Dr William M'Gill (1732-1807), minister of Ayr, whose *Essay on the Death*

of Christ caused a Presbytery enquiry into his teachings (1789).

P. 275. *The Whistle.*—Burns gives the previous history of the whistle in a note. The contest celebrated in the ballad took place on Oct. 16, 1789.

P. 278. *The Five Carlins.*—The contest for the Dumfries Burghs began in Oct. 1789: Burns favoured Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, but Captain Millar of Dalswinton was elected. Burns did not print any of the ballads among his works.

P. 288. *Heron Election Ballads.*—The election was for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, the candidates being Heron of Kerroughtrie (Whig) and Gordon of Balmaghie (Tory). *Ballad Fourth* belongs to an election in 1796.

P 297. *The Dean of Faculty.*—Dundas, for whom Burns had no love, was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates in Jan. 1796.

Glossary

A', *all*, 3, 5, etc.
Aback, *behind*, 48; *away*, 111.
Abeigh, *aloof*, 103.
Aboon, *above*, 5, 41, etc.
Abread, *abroad*, *out*, 104, 142.
Ae, *one*, 1, 6, etc.
Aff, *off*, 5, 16. etc.
Aff-hand, *off-hand*, *at once*, 122.
Aff-loof, *id.*, 37.
Aft, aften, *oft*, *often*.
Agley, *askew*, *awry*, 72.
Aiblins, *perhaps*, 97, 104, etc.
Aidle, *foul water*, 272.
Aik, *oak*, 73, etc.
Ain, *own*, 40, etc.
Air, *early*, 234.
Airn, *iron*, 99, 121, 159, etc.
Airt, *to direct*, 226.
Aith, *oath*, 30, 44, 117.
Aits, *oats*, 98.
Aiver, *cart-horse*, 158.
Aizle, *live ember*, 66.
Amaist, *almost*, 20, 33, etc.
Ance, *once*.
Ane, *one*.
Ase, *ashes*, 65.
Asklent, *askew*, 8.
Asteer, *astir*, 68.
Aught, *eight*.
Aughtlins, *in any way*, 154.
Auld, *old*.
Auld-farran(t, *shrewd*, *sagacious*, 61, 115.
Auld Reekie, *Edinburgh*, 201.
Aumous, *alms*, 75.
Ava', *of all*, 96; *at all*, 26, 47.
Awkart, *awkward*, 36.
Awnie, *bearded*, 98.
Ayont, *beyond*, 94.

Ba', *ball*, 17, 267.
Backlins, *backwards*, *back*, 44.
Bade (*pa. t. of* bide), *endured*, 176.
Bade, *asked*, *desired*, 233. (*See* Bid.)
Baggie, *belly*, 102.
Bailie, *magistrate*, 38, 178.
Bairn, *child*, 120, 122, etc.
Bairn-time, *brood*, *offspring*, 105, 158.
Bake, *biscuit*, 53.
Ban, *to swear*, 62.
Ban', *band* (part of ministerial dress), 58.
Bane, *bone*; banie, *big-boned*, 99.
Bang, *blow*, 176.
Bannock, *a thin cake of oatmeal or the like*, 226.
Barefit, *barefooted*, 284.
Barmie, *yeasty*, 124.
Batch, *company*, *party*, 50.
Batts, *botts*, *colic*, 30.
Bauckie-bird, *bat*, 74.
Baudrons, *a cat*, 122, 261.
Bauk, *beam*, 66; bauk-en', 66.
Bauld, *bold*, 142, 171.
Baws'nt, *white-striped*, 106.
Bawtie, *a dog's name*. 220.
Be; to let be, *to leave unmolested*, 93.
Bear, *barley*, 97, 198, 247.
Beas', *beasts*, *vermin*, 154.
Beet, *add fuel to*, *fan* (a flame), 19, 90, 163.
Belyve, *by-and-by*, 87, 197.
Ben, *into the parlour*, 16, 89.
Benmost, *innermost*, 76, 155.
Be thankit, *grace after meat*, 197.
Beuk, *book*, 78; devil's beuks, *playing cards*, 112.
Bicker, *a wooden cup*, 99.
Bicker, *a short run*, 26.
Bicker, *to run rapidly*, 70, 71.
Bickerin, *commotion*, 289.
Bid, *to ask for*, *to wish*, 153, 189. (*See* Bade.)

Biel', bield, *shelter, dwelling*, 143, 165.
Bien, *comfortable*, 16.
Bienly, *comfortably*, 9.
Big, *to build*, 71, 108, 187.
Biggin, *a building*, 130, 230.
Bill, *bull*, 95.
Billie, *fellow, brother, comrade*, 27, 41, 55, 106, 166, 241.
Bing, *a heap*; potatoe-bings, 174.
Birk, *birch*, 244.
Birkie, *fellow*, 53, 199, 202, 290.
Birr, *force, vigour*, 283.
Birring, *whirring*, 186.
Birses, *bristles*, 154.
Bit, *important moment*, 95.
Bizz, *bustle, flurry*, 96.
Bizz, *to buzz*, 261.
Bizzard-gled, *a kite*, 296.
Black-bonnet, *an elder*, 50 (*cf.* 58).
Blae, *blue*, 15, 225.
Blastit, *blasted*, '*confounded*,' 3, 107, 141.
Blastie, *wretch*, 139, 142.
Blate, *bashful, backward*, 63, 89, 166, 189.
Blather, *bladder*, 3, 101.
Blaud, *a large piece*, 36.
Blaud, *to beat, pelt*, 120; blaudin, 57.
Blaw, *to brag, boast*, 34.
Bleeze, *a blaze*, 65, 245.
Bleeze, *to blaze*, 65, 243.
Blellum, *babbler, blusterer*, 59, 203, 242.
Blether, blethers, *nonsense*, 130, 187.
Blether, *to talk nonsense*, 50, 242.
Blink, *a moment*, 55.
Blink, *to beam, glance*, 74, 87, 124.
Blinker, *one who looks or glances*, 101, 190.
Blue-gown, *beggar's livery*, 6.
Blype, *a large piece*, 69.
Bock, *to vomit*, 191.
Boddle, *a small coin* (2 pennies Scots), 176, 245.
Bogle, *hobgoblin*, 244.
Bonie, *pretty, beautiful*.
Bonilie, *prettily*, 87, etc.
Bonnock = bannock, 117.
Boord, *board*, 95.
Boor-tree, *elder-tree*, 94.
Boost, *must needs*, 139, 157.
Boot, *extra payment*, 83.
Bore, *hole, chink*, 76, 245.
Botch, *pustule*, 96.
Bow-kail, *cabbage*, 64, 65.
Bow't, *bent, crooked*, 64.
Brachens, *ferns*, 70.
Brae, *bank, slope*, 40, 42, 70, etc.
Braid, *broad*.
Braik, *harrow*, 36.
Brainge, *to plunge forward*, 104.
Brak, *broke*.
Branks, *wooden horse-curb, bridle*, 26, 57, 183.
Brash, *sudden illness*, 100.
Brattle, *a spurt, scamper*, 71, 104; *onset*, 191.
Brats, *small bits, rags*, 118, 234.
Braw, *fine, handsome*, 9, 63, etc.
Brawlie, *very well*, 39, 176, 247.
Braxies, *sheep that have died of disease*, 43.
Breeks, *breeches*, 101, 226.
Brent-new, *brand-new*, 245.
Brie, *juice*; barley-brie, 100.
Brief, *writ*, 124, 171.
Brig, *bridge*, 176.
Brisket, *breast*, 104.
Brock, *badger*, 13, 108.
Brogue, *trick*, 96.
Broo, *water*, 179; snaw-broo, *melted snow*, 177.
Broose, *a wedding-race from the church to the bride's home*, 103.
Brose, *meal mixed with boiling water*, 234.
Browster-wives, *ale wives*, 56.
Brugh, *burgh*, 38, 113, etc.
Brulyie, *quarrel, broil*, 45, 285.
Brunstane, *brimstone*, 25, 54.
Brunt, *burned*, 65.
Brust, *burst*, 113.

Buff, *to bang, pound*, 15.
Buirdly, *stalwart, stout*, 102, 108.
Bum, *buttocks*, 76.
Bum, *to hum*, 42, 94.
Bum-clock, *humming beetle*, 113.
Bummle, *drone, useless fellow*, 164.
Burdies, *lasses*, 246.
Bure, *bore, carried*, 41.
Burn, burnie, *a small stream*, 41, 69, 238.
Burnewin, *the blacksmith*, 99.
Busk, *to dress, dress up, trim*, 176, 201, 202, 268.
But, *in the outer room (kitchen)*; but an' ben, 53; but the house, 225.
By, *beside*, 67.
Byke, *hive*, 247; *swarm, crowd*, 83.

Ca', *to call*, 45; *to drive, carry on*, 32; ca'd, *driven*, 242.
Caddie, cadie, *fellow, varlet*, 44, 117.
Cadger, *a hawker*, 33, 75.
Caff, *chaff*, 167.
Caird, *tinker*, 81, 128.
Cairn, *a pile of stones, hill*, 69, 177, 237, 244.
Calf-ward, *calf-pasture*, 30.
Callan, callant, *boy, stripling*, 42, 282.
Caller, *fresh, cool*, 48.
Callet, *trull*, 76, 86.
Cankrie, *crabbed*, 188.
Cannie, *careful, cautious*, 6, 64, 69; *quiet*, 87; *tractable*, 103.
Cannie, *gently*, 117; *quietly*, 30; *expertly*, 56.
Cannilie, *quietly*, 53.
Cantie, *lively, merry*, 25, 57, 69, 109, etc.; *merrily*, 121.
Cantraip, cantrip, *spell, magic*, 95, 190, 245, etc.
Cants, *merry tales*, 5.
Cape-stane, *cope-stone*, 3.
Carl, *old man*, 188.
Carl-hemp, *male hemp*, 234.
Carlin, *old woman*, 69, 79, 115, 124, etc.
Cartes, *playing cards*, 19, 23, 37, 266.
Catch-the-plack, *money-making*, 35.
Cauk, *chalk*, 230.
Cauld, *cold*.
Caup, *a wooden cup*, 54, 99, 281.
Cavie, *coop*; chicken-cavie, 83.
Change house, *inn, tavern*, 53.
Chanter, *a part of the bagpipes*, 40, 227.
Chap, *fellow*, 51, 156.
Chap, *a blow*, 99.
Chap, *to strike*, 47.
Chapman, *pedlar*, 241, 296.
Cheek-for-chow, *cheek by jowl*, 114, 189.
Cheep, *a squeak*, 121.
Cheep, *to chirp*, 203.
Chiel', chield, *fellow*, 16, 32, 40, 78, etc.
Chimla, chimlie, *chimney*, 16, 64, 213.
Chittering, *shivering*, 191.
Chuckie, *hen* (applied to a woman), 201, 235.
Chuffie, *fat-faced*, 114.
Clachan, *hamlet, village*, 28, 73; clachan-yill, 25.
Claes, claise, *clothes*, 50, 88, 118, 267.
Claithing, *clothing*, 6.
Clap, *clapper of a mill*, 167.
Clash, *idle talk*, 124.
Clash, *to tattle, gossip*, 8.
Clatter, *talk, gossip*, 8, 61, 243, 268.
Clatter, *to chatter, prattle*, 100, 186.
Claught, *clutched, seized*, 248.
Claut, *a catch*, 261.
Clautit, *scraped*, 159.
Clavers, *nonsense*, 198.
Cleckin, *a brood*, 203.
Cleed, *to clothe*, 185.
Cleek, *to snatch, steal*, 79; cleekit, *joined hands*, 246.
Cleg, *gadfly*, 189.
Clink, *coin*, 227.
Clink, *jingle*, 62.
Clink, *a smart blow*, 73.
Clink, *to jingle, to rime*, 37, 61.

Clink down, *to sit down quickly*, 51.
Clinkum, -bell, *the bell-ringer, beadle*, 55, 172.
Clips, *shears*, 4.
Clish-ma-claver, *idle talk*, 158, 180.
Clockin-time, *hatching time*, 7.
Cloot, *hoof*, 1, 3.
Clootie, cloots, *the devil*, 93. 97.
Clour, *the mark of a blow*, 44.
Clout, *to patch*, 82; clouted, 156.
Clunk, *to sound* (of liquor), 83.
Coble, *a fishing-boat*, 103.
Cock. *good fellow*, 5, 117; cockie, 235.
Coft, *bought*, 247.
Cog, *a wooden cup or dish*, 54, 99, 104; coggie, 159.
Cool, *fool, ninny*, 16, 25, 130. (*See* Cuif.)
Cook, *to hide*, 70.
Coost, *did cast*, 1; *threw off*, 246, 267.
Cootie, *a small pail*, 93.
Cootie, *with feathered legs*, 186.
Corbie, *raven*, 179.
Corn't, *fed with corn*, 103.
Coup, *to upset, overturn*, 172. (*See* Cowp.)
Couthie, *kind, loving*, 64.
Cowe, *a fright, scare*, 45.
Cowe, *to lop, crop*, 123.
Cowp, *to overturn*, 57; *to fall*, 28. (*See* Coup.)
Cowt, *a colt*, 139, 158.
Crack, *talk, chat, story*, 32, 33, 35, 55, etc.; cracks, 5, 65, 70.
Crack, *to talk*, 89; crackin, 109.
Craft, *a croft*, 157.
Craig, *throat*, 231; craigie, 82.
Craigy, *craggy*, 249.
Craik, *corn-crake*, 239.
Cran, *the support for a pot*, 172.
Crankous, *irritable*, 116.
Cranreuch, *hoar-frost*, 72, 74.
Craps, *tops*, 119.
Creel, *basket*; in a creel, *confused*, 40.
Creeshie, *greasy*, 119, 246.
Crock, *an old yew*, 12.
Cronie, *intimate friend*, 49, 151, 243.
Crood, *to coo*, 42.
Croon, *moan, low sound*, 5, 70, 94, 188.
Croon, *to make a hollow sound*, 55; *to hum*, 33, 244.
Crouchie, *hunch-backed*, 68.
Crouse, *merry, lively*, 95, 171.
Crouse, crousely, *merrily*, 109, 186.
Crowdie-time, *breakfast-time*, 49.
Crowlin, *crawling*. 141.
Crummock, *a staff*, 188, 247.
Crump. *crisp*, 50.
Crunt, *a knock*, 44.
Cuif, *ninny*, 100, 178. (*See* Coof.)
Cummock, *a staff*, 165.
Curchie, *curtesy*, 49.
Curmurring, *rumbling noise*, 30.
Curpin, *crupper*, 67; curple, 200.
Cushat, *wood pigeon*, 42, 238.
Custock, *heart of a cabbage-stalk*, 64.
Cutty, *short*; cutty sark, 247.
Cutty-stool, *stool of repentance*, 182.

Daddie, *father*, 8, 44.
Daffin, *merry-making, fun*, 49, 78, 167.
Daft, *foolish, mad*, 78, 84.
Dails, *deals, planks*, 50.
Daimen, *odd, occasional*, 71.
Darklins, *in the dark*, 66.
Daud, *a large piece*, 54.
Daud, *to pelt*, 120; daudin, 56.
Daunder, *to saunter*, 283.
Daunton, *to subdue, depress*, 8, 283.
Daurk, *day's labour*, 105.
Daut, dawt, *to pet, fondle*, 9; dautit, 95, 159.
Dawd, *see* Daud.
Dead, *death*, 40, 247.

Dead-sweer, *very lazy*, 162.
Deave, *to deafen, annoy*, 123.
Deil, *devil*, 93, etc.
Deil-haet, *nothing at all*, 62, 112.
Deil-ma-care, *no matter*, 28.
Deleerit, *delirious*, 66.
Delvin, *digging*, 162.
Dern, *to hide*, 73.
Devel, *a heavy blow*, 185.
Diddle, *to move quickly*, 61, 188.
Dight, *to wipe*, 21, 80, 196, 220; *to clean* (corn), 167.
Ding, *to beat, surpass*, 156.
Dirl, *rattle*, 28.
Dirl, *to rattle*, 245.
Doit, *to feel stupid*, 183.
Doited, *stupid*, 98, 178.
Donsie, *vicious, mischievous*, 103, 167.
Dool, *woe, sorrow*, 13, 166, 182, 241.
Dorty, *pettish*, 118.
Douce, douse, *grave, sober, sedate*, 32, 58, 94, 128, 167, 225.
Douce, doucely, *gravely, etc.*, 113. 158, 200.
Dought (*pa. t. of* dow), *could*, 266.
Douk, *to duck*, 79.
Doup, *posteriors*, 73, 182.
Dour, *stubborn*, 176, 266; *harsh*, 191.
Douse, *see* Douce.
Dow, *to be able*, 6, 37, 55. (*See* Dought.)
Dowff, *dull. downcast*, 36, 220.
Dowie, *doleful, melancholy*, 4, 102, 214, 220.
Downa, *cannot*, 118, 156, 160.
Doylt, *stupid, crazy*, 100.
Doytin, *walking stupidly*, 1, 282.
Dozen'd, *benumbed*, 225.
Drap, *a drop*; drappie, 47.
Draunting, *tiresome*, 262.
Dreepin, *dripping*, 128.
Dreigh, *tedious, wearisome*, 103.
Dribble, *drizzle*, 72.
Driddle, *to toddle*, 80, 188.
Droddum, *breech*, 142.
Drone, *a part of the bagpipe*, 267.
Droop-rumpl't, *with drooping rump*, 104.
Drouth, *thirst*, 85, 114, 233.
Drouthy, *thirsty*, 241.
Drucken, *drunken*, 5, 100, 183.
Drumlie, *muddy, turbid*, 110.
Drummock, *raw meal and water*, 165.
Drunt, *pet, huff*, 65.
Dub, *a puddle, pool*, 14, 162, 244.
Duddie, *ragged*, 106, 108, 142, 153.
Duddies, *rags, clothes*, 74, 234, 246.
Duds, *id.*, 85, 96, 154.
Dunt, *to beat*, 259.
Dusht, *dashed down*, 131.
Dyke, *a wall*, 12, 81, 108, etc.; dyke-back, 33.
Dyvor, *bankrupt*, 154.

EARN, *eagle*, 238.
Eastlin, *eastern*, 225.
Eerie, *awed, frightened*, 26, 58, 68, 131; *ghostly*, 94.
Eild, *old age*, 126, 177.
Elbuck, *elbow*, 61, 121.
Eldritch, *unearthly, ghostly*, 30, 51, 94, 95, 230, 239, 248.
Erse, *Gaelic*, 97.
Ether-stone, *adder-stone*, 269.
Ettle, *aim, intent*, 248.
Ev'n-down, *downright*, 112.
Eydent. *diligent*, 88.

FA', *lot, portion*, 200.
Fa', *to deserve*, 288.
Fae, *foe*, 15.
Faem, *foam*, 98.
Faikit, *dispensed with*, 61.
Fairin, *a present* (brought from a fair), *reward*, 31, 248.
Fa'n, faun, *fallen*, 231.
Fan', fand, *found*, 42.
Farls, *cakes*, 50.
Fash, *trouble, annoyance*, 8, 182.
Fash, *to trouble, bother*, 6, 17, 47, 62, 114; *to care about* 124; fashed, 22, 108.

Fashious, *troublesome*, 226.
Fasten-e'en, *Fastern Even*, 32.
Fatt'rels, *trimmings*, 142.
Fauld, *fold*, 14.
Fause-house, *see note to* 64.
Fawsont, *seemly*, 110; *handsome*, 154.
Feat, *trim*, *spruce*, 63.
Feck, *greater part*, 49; *value*, 220.
Fecket, *vest*, 260.
Feckless, *weak*, *worthless*, 8, 197.
Feckly, *mainly*, 139.
Feg, *a fig*, 17.
Fegs, *faith!* 172.
Feid, *feud*, 186.
Fell, *keen*, 191; *strong*, 90.
Fend, *to look after*, 2; *to ward off*, 50.
Fere, *comrade*, 233.
Ferlie, *wonder*, *marvel*, 129, 141.
Ferlie, *to wonder*, 109.
Fetch, *to catch the breath*, 46.
Fetch, *to pull by fits and starts*, 104.
Fidge, *to fidget*, *wriggle about*, 40, 114, 119, etc.
Fidgin-fain, *excited with joy*, 32.
Fient, fien', *fiend*, *devil*; fient a, *not a*, 26; fient-haet, *not a bit*, 106, 111.
Fier, *sound*, *active*, 17.
Fissle, *to tingle*, *fidget*, 36.
Fit, *foot*, 70.
Fittie-lan', *a plough-horse* (the near one of the hindmost pair), 104.
Flaffin, *flapping*, 154.
Flainen, *flannel*, 142, 246.
Fleechin, *wheedling*, 159.
Fleesh, *fleece*, 4.
Fleg, *a kick*, *jerk*, 37, 282.
Fletherin, *flattering*, 159.
Flewit, *a sharp stroke*, 173.
Fley, *to scare*; fley'd, 27, 68.
Flichterin, *fluttering*, 87.
Flinders, *fragments*, 165.
Flinging, *kicking out*, 246.
Flinging-tree, *flail*, 130.
Flisk, *to fret*, *caper*, 104.
Flit, *to shift*, 105.
Fodgel, *dumpy*, 230.
Forbears, *ancestors*, 2, 4.
Forbye, *besides*, 139.
Forfairn, *worn out*, *exhausted*, 121, 177.
Forfoughten, *exhausted*, 198.
Forgather, *to meet*, 26, 35, 106, 173; forgather up wi', *take up with*, 3.
Forjeskit, *tired out*, 36.
Fou, *full*, *drunk*, 5, 23, 25, 78.
Foughten, *troubled*, 111.
Fouth, *abundance*, 231.
Fow, *bushel*, 105.
Freath, *to froth*, 99.
Fremit, *strange*, 281.
Fud, *tail* (of a hare, etc.), 85.
Fuff, *to puff*; fuff't, 66.
Furder, *progress*, 56.
Furr, *a furrow*, 48.
Furr-ahin, *see note to* 139.
Fyke, *bustle*, 247.
Fyke, *to fuss*, *fidget*, 61, 164.
Fyle, *to dirty*, *soil*; fyl'd, 50.

Gab, *mouth*, 63, 70, 75, 122, etc.
Gab, *to talk*, 115.
Gae, gang, *to go*; *pa. t.* gaed; *pa. part.* gaen, gane.
Gangrel, *vagrant*, 74.
Gar, *to make*, *cause*, *compel*, 35, 63, etc.
Garten, *garter*, 63.
Gash, *wise*, 106; *self-important*, 50, 54.
Gashin, *talking*, 65.
Gate, *way*, 27, 111, 178; a' to the gate, *all away*, 177; gates, *ways*, *habits*, 2.
Gaudsman, *goadsman* (of a plough-team), 140.
Gaun, *going*, *turn*, *spell*, 104.
Gausy, gawsie, *buxom*, *jolly*, *large and handsome*, 54, 80, 106.
Gawkie, *an awkward person*, 202.
Gaylies, *pretty well*, 154.
Gear, *goods*, *money*, *wealth*, 1, 3, 17, etc.
Geck, *to toss the head*, 157.
Ged, *a pike*, 185.

Geordie (yellow), *a guinea*, 107 ; yellow George, 7.
Get, *offspring*, 4, 157.
Gie, *to give ; pa. t.* gied, ga'e ; *pa. part.* gien, gi'en.
Giglets, *girls*, 182.
Gillie, *dim. of* gill, *a measure*, 166.
Gilpey, *a young girl*, 67.
Gimmer, *a young ewe*, 30.
Gin, *by the time of*, 55.
Girdle, *a baking plate*, 74.
Girn, *to distort the face, to snarl*, 4, 46, 285 ; girnin, 45, 190, 203.
Gizz, *a wig*, 96.
Glaikit, *foolish, giddy*, 61, 167, 234.
Gleg, *sharp, keen*, 47, 188 ; *quick, smart*, 140, 164, 291.
Gleg, *smartly, quickly*, 231.
Glint, *to glance, sparkle*, 48, 143.
Gloamin, *twilight*, 112, 126.
Glow'r, *a stare*, 50, 183, 191, 239.
Glow'r, *to stare*, 26, 48, 246 ; glowrin, 1, 20, 46, 83, 244.
Glunch, *a frown*, 101.
Glunch, *to frown*, 114.
Goavin, *gazing stupidly*, 183, 188.
Gooms, *the gums*, 22, 181.
Gowan, *a daisy*, 30.
Gowff, *to strike*, 267.
Gowk, *a fool, dolt*, 177, 202, 288.
Gowling, *howling*, 162.
Grain, *to groan*, 30.
Graip, *a dung-fork*, 67.
Graith, *implements, gear*, 33, 99, 139 ; *garb, attire*, 50, 186, 267.
Grane, *a groan*, 68, 111, 185.
Grape, *to grope*, 63, 66.
Grat, *wept*, 206.
Gree, *prize, victory*, 41, 182.
Greet, *to weep*, 2, 45, 114 ; *pa. t.* grat ; *pa. part.* grutten.
Grien, *to long for*, 292.
Grozet, *gooseberry*, 142.
Grumphie, *the pig*, 68.
Gruntle, *a grunt*, 68.
Gruntle, *the face*, 101.
Grushie, *thriving*, 109.
Grutten, *wept*, 220.
Gude, guid, *good*.
Gude, *used for* God, 3, 35, etc.
Gudeman, *good sir*, 27.
Guidwife, *matron*, 54.
Gully, *a large knife*, 27, 188, 231.
Gulravage, *riotous play*, 58.
Gumlie, *muddy*, 162, 177.
Gumption, *sense*, 46.
Gusty, *tasty*, 99.
Gutters, *mud*, 50.

HA', *hall* ; ha'-folk, *servants*, 107.
Haddin, *holding, home*, 290.
Haet, *have it ;* damn'd haet, the devil haet, *not the least bit*, 28, 62 (*cf.* Deil-haet. Fient-haet).
Haffet, *temple*, 90, 141.
Hafflins, *half* (adv.), 89 ; hafflins-wise, 53.
Hag, *moss, bog*, 56, 186.
Haggis, *a pudding* (made of sheep's entrails, oatmeal, onions, etc., and boiled in the animal's stomach), 196.
Hain, *to save, spare*, 40, 61 ; hain'd, 105 ; weel hain'd, 179.
Hairst, *harvest*, 67, 182, 199.
Haivers, *nonsense*, 198.
Hal', hald (*hold*), *holding, abode*, 17, 72, 96.
Hale, *whole*, 7, etc.
Hale, *health*, 200.
Halesome, *wholesome*, 90.
Hallan, *a partition in a cottage*, 90, 200.
Han'-afore, -ahin, *see note to* 139.
Han'-daurk, *daily labour*, 108.
Hand-waled, *hand-picked, choicest*, 189.
Hansel in, *to introduce with a gift*, 102.
Hap, *a covering, wrap*, 174, 200.
Hap, *to cover, shelter*, 165.
Happer, *a hopper* (of a mill), 167.
Harn, *coarse cloth*, 247.

Har'st, *see* Hairst.
Hash, *a blockhead*, 34, 100.
Haud, *to hold*, 25, 62.
Haugh, *a meadow*, 43, 98.
Haurl, *to drag*, *trail*, 67, 237; haurlin, *tearing*, 69.
Havins, *good manners*, 2, 35, 273.
Hav'rel, *half-witted*, 64, 73.
Hawkie, *a cow*, 90, 95.
Hecht, *to promise*, 69, 279.
Heckle, *a sharp pin*, 182; heckles, *flax-comb*, 213.
Heels-o'er-gowdie, *head over heels*, 261.
Heeze, *to hoist*, *raise*, 158, 214.
Herd, *a herdsman*, 12-14, 44; *herd-boy*, 57, 68.
Herriet, *plundered*, 154
Herryment, *spoliation*, 179.
Het, *hot*, 14, 20, 51, etc.
Heugh, *a hollow*, *pit*, 94.
Hilch, *to hobble*, *limp*, 21; hilchin, 68.
Hiltie-skiltie, *helter-skelter*, 62.
Hing, *to hang*, 73, 121, etc.
Hirple, *to limp*, 48, 83, 126.
Hissel (hirsel), *a flock*, 44.
Histie, *bare*, 143.
Hizzie (*hussy*), *a young woman*, 36, 48, 62, 78, etc.
Hoast, *a cough*, 101, 130. (*Cf.* Host.)
Hoddin, *riding heavily*, 50.
Hog-score, *a line on the curling rink*, 185.
Hog-shouther, *to jostle*, 42.
Hoodie-craw, *carrion-crow*, 203.
Hoodock, *grasping*, *miserly*, 189.
Hool, *a case*, *shell*, 70.
Hoolie, *softly*, 125.
Hoord, *hoard*, 95. (*Cf.* Huird).
Horn, *a horn-spoon*, 197; *a horn-comb*, 142.
Host, *to cough*, 126. (*Cf.* Hoast).
Hotch'd, *jerked*, 247.
Houghmagandie, *fornication*, 55.
Houlet, *an owl*, 234, 244; houlet-haunted, 230.
Houp, *hope*, 82.
Hove, *to swell*, 30.
Howdie, *a midwife*, 100, 172.
Howe, *a hollow*, *dell*, 4, 125.
Howe, *hollow*, 27; howe-backit, 102.
Howk, *to dig*; howkit, 95, 107; howkin, 108.
Hoy, *to urge*; hoy't, 69.
Hoyse, *a hoist*, 123.
Hoyte, *to amble*, 103.
Huird, *to hoard*, 272. (*Cf.* Hoord).
Hullions, *clowns*, 154.
Hunkers, *haunches*, 82.
Hurcheon, *hedgehog*, 237.
Hurdies, *hams*, *buttocks*, 106, 165, 179, 196 246.
Hyte, *crazy*, 190.

Ickker, *an ear of corn*, 71.
Ier-oe, *great-grandchild*, 163.
Ilk, ilka, *each*, *every*.
Ill o't, *bad at it*, 162.
Ill-thief, *the devil*, 233.
Ill-willie, *unkind*, *niggardly*, 166.
Ingine, *genius*, 32.
Ingle, *fire-place*, 16, 87, 90, 155, 243.
Ingle-cheek, *fire-side*, 130.
Ingle-lowe, *the fire*, 131.
Ingle-side, *fire-side*, 57.
I'se, *I shall*, 34, etc.
Ither, *other*.

Jad, *a jade*, 50, etc.
Jauk, *to trifle*, *dally*, 88; jaukin, *delay*, 66.
Jaup, *a splash*, 177.
Jaup, *to splash*, 197; *to bespatter*, 283.
Jaw, *to dash*, *throw*, 265.
Jillet, *a girl*, *flirt*, 165.
Jink, *a slip*, 164.
Jink, *to move smartly*, *frisk*, *dodge*, 61, 64, 72, 98, 188; jinkin, 97.
Jinker, *racer*, 103; *lively girl*, 190.
Jirt, *jerk*, 37.
Job, *to prick*; jobbin, 172.
Jocteleg, *a clasp-knife*, 56, 64, 231.

Jouk, *to duck down*, 128, 288.
Jow, *to swing and toll*, 55.
Jundie, *to jostle*, 42.
Jurr, *a servant*, 73.

Kae, *a jackdaw*, 118.
Kail, kale, *colewort, cabbage*, 23, 98, 121 ; kail-blade, 29 ; kail-runt, 28 ; kail-whittle, 72 ; kail-yard, *kitchen garden*, 129, 294.
Kain, kane, *rent in kind*, 107, 185.
Kebars, *rafters*, 76.
Kebbuck, *a cheese*, 54, 90 ; kebbuck-heel, 55.
Keckle, *to giggle*, 182.
Keek, *a look, glance*, 68, 199.
Keek, *to peep, glance*, 57, 107, 151.
Keel, *ruddle*, 230.
Kelpies, *river - horses*, 176. (*Cf.* Water-kelpies).
Ken, *to know* ; *pa. t.* kenn'd, kend, kent.
Kennin, *a very little*, 169.
Kep, *to catch*, 239.
Ket, *a fleece*, 4.
Kiaugh, *anxiety*, 87.
Kimmer, *a wench*, 37, 280.
King's - hood, *the second stomach in a ruminant*, 28.
Kirn, *a churn*, 95.
Kirn, *harvest-home*, 67, 81, 109.
Kirsen, *to christen*, 35.
Kist, *a chest*, 38.
Kitchen, *to give relish to*, 99.
Kittle, *fickle*, 37 ; *ticklish*, 27, 179.
Kittle, *to tickle*, 37, 40, 53, 81.
Kittlen, *a kitten*, 69.
Kiutlin, *cuddling*, 64.
Knaggie, *bony*, 102.
Knappin - hammer, *stone-breaker's hammer*, 33.
Knoit, *to knock*, 183.
Knowe, *knoll, hillock*, 4, 45, 265.
Kye, *cows, kine*, 36, 113, etc.
Kyte, *belly*, 197.
Kythe, *to show*, 63.

Lade, *a load*, 243.
Lag, *backward, slow*, 94.
Laggen, *the corner of a wooden dish*, 159.
Laigh, *low*, 160, etc.
Laird, *squire*, 128, etc.
Laith, *loath*, 40.
Laithfu', *bashful*, 89.
Lallan', *lowland*, 79, 97 ; lallans. *Lowland Scots*, 43.
Lap, *leapt*, 70, 83, 200, 247.
Lave, *the rest*, 71, 81, 89.
Lav'rock, *a lark*, 48.
Lear, *learning*, 18, 34, 117.
Lee-lang, *live-long*, 112, 130.
Leeze me (=leif is me, *dear is to me*), *commend me to*, 53, 62, 98.
Leister, *a fish-spear*, 26.
Leugh, *laughed*, 120.
Lickit, *whipped, beaten*, 61.
Licks, *a beating*, 44.
Lift, *the sky*, 191, 286.
Lift, *a quantity*, 38.
Lilt, *to sing*, 120.
Limmer, *a jade*, 37 ; *mistress*, 111.
Lin, linn, *a waterfall*, 69, 238.
Link, *to trip quickly*, 97, 246.
Lint, *flax*, 90.
Lintwhite, *linnet*, 42.
Lippen, *to trust*, 233.
Loan, *lane*, 113 ; loanin.
Loof, *the palm of the hand*, 51, 130 ; *pl.* looves, 161.
Loon, loun, *fellow*, 260, 289.
Loot, *let*, 69.
Loup, lowp, *to leap*, 182, 214, 234, 246.
Low, lowe, *flame*, 151.
Lowin, *blazing*, 54, 85, 94.
Lowse, *to untie*, 85 ; *to let loose*, 58, 96, 266.
Luckie, *dame*, 235.
Lug, *an ear*, 70, 106 ; *corner*, chimla-lug, 16.
Luggie, *a wooden dish with handles*, 70, 197.
Luggit, *having ears or handles*, 99.
Lum, *chimney*, 65.
Lunardi, a *balloon-bonnet*, 142.
Lunch, *a large portion*, 54.
Lunt, *a puff of smoke*, 66 ; *steam*, 70.

Luntin, *smoking*, 109.
Lyart, *grey*, *hoary*, *faded*, 37, 48, 74, 90.

Mae, *more* (in number), 29, 140.
Mailen, *a farm*, 9.
Mair, *more*, *greater*.
Manteele, *mantle*, 48.
Mark (merk), *a coin* (=13⅓d. sterling), 102.
Marled, *variegated*, 199.
Mashlum, *mixed meal*, 117.
Maskin-pat, *tea-pot*, 265.
Maukin, *a hare*, 129, 186, 238.
Maun, *must*; maunna, *must not*.
Meikle, *much*, *great*.
Melder, *a grinding of corn*, 242.
Mell, *to meddle*, 100; *to associate*, 3.
Melvie, *to soil with meal*, 55.
Mense, *good manners*, 4, 176.
Menseless, *unmannerly*, 3.
Mess John, *the parish minister*, 172.
Messan, a *lap-dog*, *cur*, 106.
Midden, *a dung-hill*, 220.
Midden-hole, *the dunghill gutter*, 69.
Mim, *prim*, 52; mim-mou'd, *prim-mouthed*, 280.
Minnie, *mother*, 103, 203.
Misca', *to miscall*, *abuse*, 58, 120.
Mishanter, *mishap*, *disaster*, 8, 188.
Mislear'd, *mischievous*, 27.
Mixtie-maxtie, *confused*, 117.
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